

THE

FAMILY OF HALDEN.

VOL. IV.



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FAMILY OF HALDEN:

A NOVEL.

BY

AUGUSTUS LA FONTAINE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

V O L. IV.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. BELL, NO. 148, OXFORD-STREET.

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EMILIA heard this tale from the seduced, unfortunate maid, Dorothy herself, and her hatred towards Selenberg became still greater. She, however, lived as happily amidst the little circle of these worthy people, as it was possible for her to live without Seibold; and it was very fortunate that she spent some time among them. She now discovered that, notwithstanding all her education, she had not hitherto been of so much service as Dorothy, who managed the whole domestic concerns; kept the garden in proper order, and was a good mother to the families of all the poor colliers who lived in the valley. They were Dorothy's assistants in all her employments; and she soon found that labour

and contentment form the basis of true happiness; and that it is more difficult, but on that account more meritorious, to be a good housewife, a careful mother, and a benevolent friend to the unfortunate, than to plunge a dagger into one's breast, like Arria, and say : It does not pain me.

Emilia here, in her rural retreat, was milder, humbler, more benevolent, and more contented than she had ever been before. She at length had the pleasure of seeing the object of her affections, whom a dread of the major had driven from Solingen. When Seibold visited Waldengrund, he found her in a simple dress, sitting among the little daughters of the colliers, whom she was instructing in knitting. She knew him when she espied him at a distance ; gave a shout of joy ; let the work she was knitting drop from her hands ; and with extended arms flew to meet him. Seibold was rejoiced to see Emilia so cheerful, in such good health, and so free from affectation ; but he carefully concealed the suspicion

suspicion which had induced him to pay her a visit. She introduced to him Grell and his daughter; and in a few days he obtained the approbation, and, in a short time, the friendship also of a man whose heart was shut against all mankind.

Seibold took up his lodging at Sondenheim, though strongly solicited by every body to remain where he was; but he paid a visit daily to the valley, and lived with the family as if he had belonged to it. Neither Emilia nor Seibold had ever enjoyed days more fortunate. They were always together, sometimes in the cottages of the colliers, sometimes among the children, sometimes alone in the recesses of the woods; and their hearts became always more closely attached to each other. Emilia entertained a stronger, purer, and more sacred love for Seibold, who now found it impossible to withstand the noble maid. She no longer wished to shine and be admired by him, but to render him happy. Confidence and tenderness increased daily

on each side ; and, without knowing or desiring it, the moment came, when Emilia, reclined in Seibold's arms, heard from him with tears in his eyes, these words : “ Yes, “ I love you, my dear Emilia, more than I “ love my own life ; I will do every thing “ to obtain your hand, and to make you as “ happy as I hope to be through you.”

Her happiness was now past description ; but the dismal cloud, about to destroy it, was already hovering over her head.

Selenberg had at length discovered that Seibold was at Söndenheim—He repaired thither, therefore, in the dress of a common citizen, and crept as imperceptibly as possible into the woody retreats near Waldengrund. Here he saw Emilia, whose charms had become still more engaging, closely embraced by Seibold. He immediately sent notice to Charles of this circumstance, and requested he would meet him at a town in the neighbourhood, because he himself could not well carry off Emilia. Charles came, and a plan was contrived, not only for

for carrying off Emilia, but also for removing Seibold out of the way. As soon as the whole was digested Selenberg returned to the capital, and appeared every day at court, in order to avoid all suspicion. He left to Charles the execution of the plan which he had formed ; but he advised him to wait a few weeks, and to keep himself concealed until it should be impossible for it to miscarry.

Waldengrund was situated on the borders. On the road, between this place and Sondenheim, lay a district belonging to one of the imperial towns, in which some Austrian crimps resided. One evening, as Seibold was returning home very quietly from Emilia, he heard a dreadful shout, and saw a man lying on the ground, whom another was standing over in a threatening posture, with a dagger. Seibold immediately ran up to them. Have mercy ! cried the man lying on the ground, in a lamentable tone. Seibold asked what was the matter. Sir, answered the man who was

standing, what business have you to enquire? and so saying let the other go. Seibold seized the furious desperado by the collar. The other instantly started up from the ground, and ran into the bushes like a frightened deer. Help! cried the man whom Seibold had seized; and the latter in the twinkling of an eye was surrounded by five or six fellows, who laid fast hold of him, and prevented him from moving.

Seibold soon learned, with no little terror, that he was got into the hands of Austrian crimps, and that the man he had liberated was a recruit who had refused to march. He was now carried off in room of the deserter, and conveyed to the house of rendezvous in the imperial town. Here he offered to pay for a recruit, on condition of being set at liberty; but the crimps required a larger sum than he at that time had in his possession, and next morning he was obliged to march off with a convoy for Bohemia. He requested leave from the commanding officer to write a few lines to
a lady;

a lady ; and this being granted, he wrote to Emilia, in English, an account of his misfortune, and at the same time remarked that the affair appeared to him exceedingly strange, and advised her to be on her guard, as Selenberg or her brother was perhaps at the bottom of it. Be under no uneasiness, added he, on my account, and only write immediately to the major. The billet was first brought to Charles, who then conveyed it very safely to Waldengrund. What he expected was the case. Emilia resolved, at all events, to see Seibold once more ; and therefore proceeded with hasty steps, accompanied by Dorothy, to the town, which was at no great distance. As they were walking along the road, they were suddenly met by a carriage. Two domestics jumped from the box, laid hold of Emilia, and forced her into the carriage, which set off then on a full gallop.

Emilia, said Charles, who, that he might not be seen by Dorothy, had hitherto kept himself squeezed up in a corner, if you will

promise to give your hand to Selenberg, Seibold shall be set at liberty ; but, if you hesitate, he shall be sent to Hungary to fight against the Turks. You have no other choice left.

Wretch, said Emilia, I am ready to resign my life ; but I will not marry Selenberg, even if it were in your power to destroy Seibold !—Charles ! you are guilty of a crime, and why ? for whom ? You will ruin yourself by it. I have already saved myself once, and will yet find means to escape from your hands.

Save yourself if you can ! replied Charles. This time I have been too many for you, my girl. Every thing is settled, and you must do what I choose.

They passed the night in a small town. Next morning Emilia refused to proceed any farther ; but her brother ordered the domestics to put her by force into the carriage. She now bawled out for assistance. Charles insisted that an officer of justice should be called. When he arrived, Charles shewed

shewed him a paper, and the justice then asked Emilia : Is this gentleman your brother? Yes, replied Emilia.—Well then, returned the justice, you must go.—Charles looked at his sister with a malicious grin, and Emilia stepped into the carriage without farther resistance.

Emilia had scarcely taken her seat in the carriage when she said to her brother, I see that you are furnished with every thing necessary for carrying your villainous plan into execution ; but you still want one thing, which is wanting to all villains—I mean courage.—I beg, replied Charles, that you will not put me to a trial.—Emilia laughed. They stopped at the door of a house in a solitary village, and got out. Emilia on a sudden drew a pistol from Charles's side-pocket, and presented it to his forehead. Now, wretch, exclaimed she in a threatening tone, and cocked the pistol. Charles became pale. For God's sake, sister! cried he.—Give me the paper, wretch, continued Emilia.—Charles pulled out the paper with trembling

a trembling hand, and delivered it to her. (It was a requisition from his father to all governments, magistrates, &c. not to detain or interrupt the therein described young man, Mr. Halden, who was bringing back to her parents his sister, whom he had delivered from the snares of a seducer.) See, said Emilia, thou cowardly villain, how a woman has got you into her power ! O Charles ! Charles ! added she, overcome by pain, and with tears in her eyes, how worthless and cruel you must be to tremble before a pistol in the hands of your sister ! She then threw the pistol on the ground. At that moment Charles snatched the paper from her ; and, seizing the pistol, discharged it in the air by way of security, as well as the other which he had in the carriage.

When Emilia had again stepped into the carriage, Charles squeezed himself up in one of the corners, where he sat biting his lips. His sister, however, remained perfectly calm, and made no attempt to escape,

as she now clearly saw that, at present, it would be impossible for her to relieve Seibold.

After a long journey of several days, Emilia at length arrived at the place of her destination. Charles conducted her to an elegant apartment, and said, Here, Emilia, you must remain. Precautions have been taken to prevent your escape. Your parents absolutely insist that you shall marry Selenberg. Place no dependence on the major, and trust as little to Hennig. Who knows where this incomparable youth is now roving about? (Emilia listened with attention.) I must tell you a new anecdote of him. He seduced an innocent girl; turned his back upon lady Louisa; became tired of the uniform life which he led here, and has gone to Russia to fight against the Turks. It is not improbable that the major will follow his lost son. If you entertain any hopes of support from the prince, you are mistaken; for you are now in the dominions of Prussia,

on an estate belonging to Selenberg. Your parents are tired of indulging you in your folly. I must, therefore, tell you plainly, that you can do nothing better than voluntarily to say Yes. You shall have four weeks to consider; but after that period the days of grace are over. An order for your marriage has already been issued by the consistory. You are betrothed; and it is of course Selenberg's business to look to the rest.

I give you my word, replied Emilia in a firm tone, that I will not attempt to escape; for I am curious to know in what manner two such wretches, you and your bosom friend Selenberg, will proceed, in order to force a young woman who possesses courage. Respecting my own fate I have no uneasiness; but I am concerned for my noble brother, and for Seibold. You will not make me acquainted with Hennig's fate, I know well; but woe to you if he becomes a sacrifice to that villainy by which you are endeavouring to render him unhappy!

happy ! Charles, you are not absolutely wicked ; but you suffer yourself to be led astray by that devil in human form, Selenberg. You wish to become great and rich, and do not see that this Selenberg would even sacrifice you if you stood in his way, which may very readily be the case. I and Hennig both would gladly gratify your avarice and ambition, if you would only suffer us to be happy as we wish. But we will be so in spite of you. Selenberg shall never be my husband, as long as the point of a pair of scissars, a knife, or a fork will be sufficient to stab him to the heart. Tell this to your noble companion ! And now you know my last words.

Charles delivered Emilia to a woman who was to take care of her, and to give instructions to every person in the house not to suffer her to go from their sight. Julia, the daughter of Silberman the forester, was commissioned to attach herself to Emilia ; for Selenberg imagined that Julia, by entertaining her with voluptuous conversation, would
excite

excite within her bosom the most sensual passions. Charles now wrote to Selenberg, that he might go and visit Emilia as soon as possible, adding that her parents (her father, indeed, with some reluctance) would attend him at the place of her residence, to give solemnity and validity to the wedding ceremony; to which Emilia would be compelled to consent, in case force should be necessary. Selenberg answered in the course of a few posts, that Emilia should be allowed the four weeks, which had been promised, for consideration; but that her mother would do well to go and reside with her, in order that she might have her under her own eye, and that the sooner she did so it would be so much the better.

Selenberg could not comply with Charles's request, as he was engaged in a small affair which required his immediate attention. He had been once more under a feigned name at Waldengrund, which he would not have left so soon, had he not been obliged, in order to secure himself from suspicion. The first

first time he went thither, he had crept secretly around the house where Emilia resided, that he might make himself acquainted with its situation, and all the private roads and concealments in the neighbourhood. He clambered up to the top of a rock at the side of the garden, that, while hid in the bushes, he might take a peep into it with his pocket telescope. At that moment his attention was attracted by a female who entered it. This female was Dorothy, whom Selenberg, however, did not recollect, because at the time when he had last seen her, which was eight years before, she had not attained to her full growth, and was exceedingly thin ; but she was now become a noble and elegant figure. Her looks had been much changed. Formerly her round youthful cheeks glowed with the bloom of health ; her wanton eyes shone with sparkling brilliancy ; and all her movements displayed elegance and grace. Her visage now was a beautiful, delicate oval, where the pale carmine of her complexion seemed

to sport on the soft white ground, like the reflection of the evening red on the smooth crystal lake. Her eyes did not dart forth lightning as before; but, by the languishing melancholy which prevailed in them, it might be readily seen that they were often bedewed with tears. Her movements were now gentler, and more dignified. Selenberg did not know her even by her voice, when he afterwards conversed with her; for her voice formerly had been the echo of a joyful heart, but now it was softer as well as clearer; a little plaintive, but at the same time very affecting.

Selenberg could not cease viewing the noble figure of the female who was walking slowly up and down the garden. His heart beat high with emotion, and his desire was awakened. Little Sophia now ran towards her. Dorothy stopped, received her with a laugh, and kissed her. Selenberg thought, What a dear kiss from such a beautiful mouth! As soon as she had retired, he asked the first collier he met who she was.

The

The man replied that her name was Schwarz; and that she was a young widow. Selenberg then enquired respecting other family matters, and learned that the old man (for so the people called Mr. Grell when they spoke of him) had received his house and garden as a present from the prince.—And what is the old man called?—What is he called? He is called Raftlan.—But what is his name?—Hem—that is his name—Another said, He is called Mr. Schwarz.—Grell had lived here quite concealed; and he was so desirous of remaining unknown, that he purposely confirmed the colliers in their mistake, when they called him Schwarz.

Selenberg now believed that the young charming widow was the old man's daughter-in-law. He saw Dorothy a second and a third time, and her figure still made a deeper impression on his mind. He wished Emilia and Seibold out of the way, that he might form a connexion with the young beautiful widow. Under his own name he durst not make any advances; for he
was

was afraid that Emilia had been speaking of him, and might have delineated his character, under no very favourable point of view. He therefore determined to introduce himself to this new object of his passion, under a feigned name.

Having received intelligence, about fourteen days after his return to the capital, that Emilia and Seibold were separated, he requested leave of absence from the prince, and in a very simple dress rode over alone to Sondenheim. The first day of his arrival he walked around through the woods, in hopes that he should soon have an opportunity of seeing the beautiful widow. This, however, was not the case; but Dorothy discovered him at some distance, and again knew him; upon which she hastened to her father, and with a pale visage exclaimed: Selenberg is here—I have seen him!—The father started up and took a musket from the wall. Dorothy threw herself into his arms. Dear father, cried she, we have got the better of our misfortune. Do you wish

wish to plunge me into another? Shall I live to see

Her father put the musket again in its place, and asked coolly: But what does he want?—Emilia is gone, and Seibold also!—What business has the devil here? That I must endeavour to find out.—He accordingly soon discovered that Selenberg lodged at Sondenheim; that he assumed the name of Muller; and that he had learned from the colliers who Dorothy was, with various other particulars.

When Grell compared every thing together, he easily saw that Selenberg must have recognized neither him nor Dorothy. He therefore said to her: Let the devil go about as he pleases—We shall soon see what it is he wants—But woe to him if I catch him in any new act of villainy!—Dorothy endeavoured to preserve her father in this good disposition, and he promised that he would not discover himself to the detestable wretch. Both resolved to continue their usual course of life, and to give themselves

no farther trouble respecting the villain. It is not impossible, said Dorothy, that we may accidentally learn something which will be of use to Emilia.

Next day she met Selenberg, without being much disconcerted; but a slight tremor thrilled through her limbs, when he began to address her in the following words: My dear miss, or madam, a young woman resided here some time, under the name of miss Schlutern, who in reality was a miss Halden, a lady of quality. She has been seduced, and there are some persons very much interested in her situation. Suspicion falls upon her brother and one of his friends. You, perhaps, may have heard of a major Halden, who is the young lady's uncle. You would render an infinite obligation to this respectable veteran, if you could give him any information respecting the manner in which his niece has been carried off, and where she is. I have made this application immediately to you, because we know that you have been so good as to
grant

grant the persecuted girl protection in your house.

Dorothy was much alarmed, and unable to return any answer. Selenberg continued his harangue, and Dorothy at length said: I do not know whether I can answer your questions without my father's permission. Selenberg immediately offered to go along with her; but this she declined under some plausible pretence or other. Dorothy now wished to get away; but Selenberg continued the conversation, and enquired her father's name. He is called Schwarz.—And you?—I am his daughter-in-law, and my name is the same.—You are a widow? I am told.—Dorothy made a low curtsy.—Fate, madam, has been cruel towards you—very cruel indeed.—Yes, it has, replied Dorothy, letting fall a tear.—To condemn you, continued Selenberg, in the bloom of youth, to the deepest solitude—you, who are so handsome, and so agreeable! But heaven cannot always be so severe towards you. Even before I was acquainted with you my heart

heart was interested in your favour; for Emilia, in all her letters to me, made particular mention of the new worthy friend she had acquired. I would give all I am worth if I could wipe away the tears from these beautiful eyes. Forgive me, madam—I am under great emotion. Tell your father that I will have a little conversation with him to-morrow morning.—He then made a low bow and retired.

Dorothy looked after him a long time, without ever turning aside her eyes, and muttering to herself: O! thou diabolical wretch!—returned home, where she gave an account of her conversation with Selenberg. Neither the father nor the daughter had yet been able to conjecture what object this unprincipled man had in view, and their curiosity to discover it became, therefore, still stronger. They resolved for this purpose to employ a little dissimulation, and a desire of wreaking their revenge on Selenberg inspired them with courage to carry their plan into execution.

Next

Next day, Selenberg paid a visit to Mr. Schwarz, who seemed exceedingly reserved; but behaved to him with great civility. When Selenberg enquired after Emilia, he told him very coolly what he knew, and concluded with wishing that the curse of God might fall upon the inhuman wretches who wanted to make the poor girl unhappy! Selenberg now endeavoured to insinuate himself into the good graces of the father, and requested leave to pay him a visit now and then, as long as he resided in the neighbourhood. Grell told him that he should be welcome. But the part he had to act became, at length, too burthen some to him; he therefore retired, and left Selenberg with Dorothy in the apartment.

Selenberg now began a speech to the young beautiful widow, filled with the most delicate and most refined flattery. She at length, with horror, remarked that she herself was the object of his visit; and as soon as he was gone she told her father what she thought. Grell considered with himself

himself in silence for some time, and then said : Don't discourage him, Dorothy ; behave civilly towards him ! Does revenge bring him hither, or are we doomed still to suffer ?—I beg, Dorothy, you will behave towards him in a civil manner . . . Many conjectures were now floating in Grell's mind ; for he could not yet comprehend properly what he wished, or what objects he had in view : whether it was revenge or something else. He at length resolved to wait, till he should see what chance might produce ; and then, perhaps, to put in execution a plan, which as yet lay concealed in his breast.

For some years poor Dorothy's greatest anxiety had been respecting the fate of her daughter, as her grief for the loss of her dear William had in some measure subsided. Sophia was a natural child ; and, according to common prejudice, an object of shame. Her mother, therefore, could never think of her without shedding tears ; yet she made her the frequent subject of
her

her conversation, and always with the most affecting complaints. Grell did not know how to remove his daughter's uneasiness upon this point. There was no other remedy than that Selenberg should marry Dorothy; but this was not to be expected. Selenberg was, however, on the spot, and Grell conceived the idea of turning this circumstance to advantage.

After a few visits, no doubt remained that the object of the worthless Selenberg was to seduce Dorothy. He followed her wherever she went; and did not conceal his passion, though he had never yet declared it in an open manner. Dorothy now found herself in a most alarming situation. She detested Selenberg, and her father had earnestly begged that she might not absolutely reject his solicitations.

Grell walked about under great uneasiness, burthened with care and struggling to suppress his indignation. At last, when Dorothy gave him an account of a new conversation she had held with Selenberg, he exclaimed,

in a violent passion : The villain shall marry you !—This expression threw Dorothy into great perplexity, and she replied with every mark of aversion—Never !—He shall, continued the old man : He shall wipe away the disgrace of your child ; give you a title to assume his name, and then—my dear Dorothy, you shall never see him more—But he must marry you—The ceremony shall be performed ; and by these means we shall be revenged on him. He now discovered his plan to Dorothy. Maternal love overcame her aversion to Selenberg ; she consented to what her father had proposed, and then retired to her daughter, that she might give vent to her feelings in a flood of tears.

And if he will not, said Mr. Grell, when he was alone, with a serious look—if he will not, the wretch shall die !—Some days before, he had already requested his friend, the page, in a letter, that he would obtain permission for him from the prince, that the clergyman at Sondenheim might proclaim

claim the banns without the usual formality. The page, who from the style of the letter suspected something that was not altogether right, sent back an answer by a special messenger on horseback, and required to know with whom. Grell then wrote to him his plan respecting Selenberg. The page communicated the affair to the prince; told him of the president's deception, and painted the misery of the unfortunate family in the most glowing colours. The prince, who at present was much incensed against Selenberg, because he considered him as the cause of Emilia being carried off by violence, and who was sensibly affected by Dorothy's situation, granted the required permission. He wrote also, with his own hand, to the consistory; and an order for the marriage was conveyed to Grell in the course of a few days.

Selenberg did not yet know what to make of the young widow. She neither discouraged him by coolness, nor avoided his company; but received his testimonies of love

without shewing any in return; trembled as oft as he laid hold of her hand, and shed tears when he put his arm round her waist. Dorothy never bade him desist, and always cast her eyes towards the ground. Selenberg considered her bashfulness as the effect of desire and shame. He, therefore, pressed her more closely, and requested a private interview.—My father is a severe man, said Dorothy with a sigh. And now Selenberg imagined he had got a complete victory—Severe! returned Selenberg, kissing her hand, let him be as severe as he will, my dear Schwarz. Is it necessary, then, he should know how dearly I love you? Yes, my dear, I will sacrifice that delicious pleasure of seeing you daily—But if I should come in the evening? Your father goes to bed early; and I know how to find your apartment. Ah! my dear, I have many things to say to you, which are of importance to us both! I must absolutely converse with you alone. You shall be happy; and I will be happy, also, between these delicate

delicate arms. This evening, at ten, I shall be with you. May I dare?—Dorothy was silent; turned round from him, and concealed her face. Selenberg insisted, and asserted that his intentions were pure. Dorothy, at length, sighed, and whispered with a tremulous voice: Yes—I will speak with you.

Behold Selenberg, then, victorious! He came at ten, according to appointment; and Dorothy was waiting for him at the door. She conveyed him up two steps, through a dismal hall, which he had never seen, into a vaulted apartment, and placed her lamp on a stone slab. She then turned round towards him, and in a tremulous tone asked: Now, Mr. Muller, what have you to say to me?—Selenberg embraced her, and swore eternal love. Dorothy returned, But will you make me your wife?—Yes, my dear; that idea forms my chief happiness, and I will certainly realize it as soon as my circumstances shall allow.

Selenberg took her again in his arms, and pressed his lips to hers with glowing kisses. At that moment the door flew open, and her father entered, followed by two colliers, with arms in their hands, while some others were stationed in the hall. The door was again shut. Selenberg started back, quite aghast and trembling. Have I caught you, at last? said Grell: Have I caught the villain at last?

Mr. Schwarz, said Selenberg, you mistake me. The purest love towards your daughter conducted me hither. Yes, I love your daughter. Is that a crime? I present to you my hand as a token of friendship. Do you find that improper?

Do you wish then to marry my daughter? asked Grell, looking sternly at him.

O! exclaimed Selenberg, if you grant me your consent, I shall be the happiest man upon earth!

Well, I grant it, replied Grell. He then opened the door, and called to the parson to enter. Selenberg, in the greatest perplexity,

perplexity, made some very plausible representations against performing the ceremony so speedily; but Grell said coolly: You shall be joined here on the spot.—Selenberg then, turning to the clergyman, said: You dare not marry me at present. There may be some canonical impediment I want the consent of my parents, of which I indeed cannot doubt But, Mr. Schwarz, you will deprive me of a considerable patrimony, if you do not put off the wedding for a few days. I have an uncle You shall be joined on the spot, villain, replied Grell—we have waited long enough. Selenberg was quite terrified by the cool resolute tone and the severe stern look of the old man. It occurred to him, however, that he would be married under a feigned name, and that he could, in the end, get the whole affair suppressed by money. He, however, said, but indeed in great perturbation: My dear sir, if you persist—if it should appear as if you had forced me to accept this hand, which will

form the chief happiness of my life . . . But, my dear sir, I request you will consider

This moment, villain, you shall be joined, continued the old man.

Well, in God's name then, said Selenberg, I shall be happy a few days sooner. Come, my dear.

Grell winked to the clergyman, who, addressing himself to Selenberg, said: Are you willing, Mr. President?—What is your christian name?

When Selenberg heard his title pronounced, he became pale once more, and began to tremble. He, however, soon recovered himself; endeavoured to put on a composed look, and replied: Yes, I am president Selenberg: and now, parson, I would advise you to consider well, and not to take any part in an affair which

Mr. President, said the parson, I know my duty—and I request you will inform me what is your christian name.

Lewis William, replied Selenberg; I am well known in the neighbourhood. And do

do you really imagine, Mr. Schwarz, continued he, that I am not acquainted with your whole plan?—I was enticed hither by that beautiful female. Can it be entirely by accident, that the parson and all these people are here? You have involved yourself in a very dangerous piece of business, Mr. Schwarz; and I request that you will put an end to the farce. I shall say nothing of it, I give you my word of honour—But, at present, let me go!

As soon as you have joined hands, villain, replied Grell—not before!—Begin, parson.

Begin! exclaimed Selenberg, whom the cool stern tone of the old man had now thrown into great terror and consternation. At your peril, Mr. Parson! I will not be married—I will not—Do you hear?

You will not? said Grell. Yes, that is another thing. Reflect, I pray—Once more, Will you, or will you not?—Selenberg persisted to refuse.—Grell then opened the door, and desired all his attendants to

retire. As soon as he was left alone with the president, he again shut the door, and, turning round with a terrible look, said to him: Now, diabolical villain, we are by ourselves! Hast thou no fear? Does not thy mind forebode something? (Here he slowly drew out a pistol) For the last time, thou detestable wretch, wilt thou consent to join hands or not? Selenberg could not allow himself to believe that the man was really in earnest. I will gratify you in any thing else, said he; but I will not suffer myself to be married. I never offended you, Mr. Schwarz, and

No, diabolical wretch! replied Grell, while the image of his deceased spouse seemed to hover before his eyes, thou murderer of my wife! seducer of my child! exclaimed he in a terrible tone, and discharged the pistol. The ball passed close to Selenberg's head; tore away part of his hat; and rebounded from the wall. No! cried Grell, pulling out a second pistol.—Selenberg, in dreadful terror, now called out—

Yes,

Yes, I will—I will. Call the parson—She shall be my wife, upon my honour!

Grell mused for a few moments, and then said, with a malicious sneer: Wretch, had I not thought of my child, you should not now have been in existence. He then opened the door; upon which his attendants, who had been alarmed by the report of the pistol, all thronged forwards, and the door was again shut. Selenberg, pale, and trembling in every limb, laid hold of Dorothy's hand, and placed himself before the clergyman. Mr. President, said the latter, do you accept, of your own free will, this woman to be your wife?—Yes—of my own free will, said Selenberg. The clergyman then read the usual service; and when he mentioned the name Dorothea Grell, Selenberg cast a wistful look at the old man, whom he now recognised as well as Dorothy. After the ceremony, Grell made a signal to his daughter, and she brought in little Sophia. Grell carried the

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child

child up to Selenberg, and said coolly :
This is miss Selenberg, your daughter.

Selenberg was quite astonished, and knew not what to say. A certificate of the marriage was drawn up and signed ; after which Grell pulled out a paper, and gave it to Selenberg to read. It was a memorial to the prince, in which Selenberg requested that his daughter might be legitimated ; and as soon as Selenberg had signed and sealed it, the clergyman and all the other attendants departed. Grell, being now left alone with Selenberg, said : The memorial will be presented to the prince this night, and you must remain here till I receive an answer. You may then go ; but you shall never more appear before me or my daughter. You now know me, villain. When at liberty, do what you think proper ; but take care, wretch, that you pursue no step which may give uneasiness to me or my daughter ! You, perhaps, now imagine that you will bring me before a court of justice, and get
me

me thrown into prison. But I have powerful friends. (Here he produced the order for the marriage, and Selenberg knew it to be in the hand-writing of the prince.) I must caution you, once more, to beware of ever appearing again before me.—My life is of no value to me—of no value at all—and such a man, to a diabolical villain like you, must be terrible.—He then quitted him, and shut the door.

Selenberg, as soon as he was alone, threw himself on a small couch, which stood in one corner of the room. Overcome with shame and confusion, he felt within his breast a sensation as it were of remorse, which prevented him from closing his eyes during the whole night. In the morning a man brought him his breakfast; and his dinner and supper were conveyed to him, in like manner, at the usual times. On the third day, Dorothy entered the apartment, leading her young daughter by the hand. Look there, said she to the child in a whining tone, that is your father. Selenberg

lenberg turned his eyes downwards; for he durst not venture to contemplate the enchanting figure which was standing before him; but he every now and then cast a stolen look at the child, and discovered in its features a likeness to his own.

Little Sophia, who stood close to her mother, laid fast hold of her gown, and looked at the president with timidity. May I then call him father? said she at length. Dorothy embraced the child; shed tears, and returned no answer. In a few minutes she recovered herself, and said: Mr. Selenberg, you are at liberty—I now request, that, for the sake of my worthy aged parent, you will leave us in peace. You was the cause of my mother's death, and rendered me miserable. Very easily—ah! you do not know how easily—you could bring my father to the scaffold—Once more leave us in peace. Only suffer your daughter to remain with her mother—and now, farewell!

With these words she departed, leaving the door open. Selenberg started up—and, whether

whether roused by the joy of his deliverance, or excited by the stings of remorse, hastened after Dorothy; stretched out his hand to her; kissed his daughter; hurried from the house towards Sondenheim; and went immediately from thence to one of his country seats, which lay at a great distance from the capital.

It is impossible that any man could be more miserable than Selenberg was in this retired situation. He had a wife whom he loved—whom he wished to possess; and was yet perfectly ignorant how matters stood between them; for, according to every appearance, he was never more to see her. As his spouse, he was resolved never to acknowledge her; and yet was tormented with the desire of enjoying her. A remonstrance, indeed, could have disengaged him from her; but the prince had been concerned in the affair. And even if that had not been the case—he always saw before him old Grell with his pistol; and that the old man would pull the trigger, if there
were

were any occasion for it, no doubt could be entertained. He, however, sighed after Emilia; and it was impossible for him to get possession of her, as long as Dorothy had a right to his hand. If he should apply for a separation, the terrible old man presented himself to his sight. Besides, he would, in that case, be obliged to confess that he had been terrified into compliance by the sight of a pistol; and that would render him ridiculous. He would thus be considered as a simpleton, who had suffered himself to be terrified by mere threats; and his former behaviour to Dorothy could not be told, at least for the present. At another time he might, perhaps, make it a subject of boasting; and the court would consider it as something *superbe*; but it was not to be brought forward as an excuse, otherwise he would be under the necessity of confessing that he had been guilty of great meanness. In a word, he saw himself involved in difficulties on every side; exposed to the danger of becoming an object of

of

of laughter, and without all hope of getting his hands once more at liberty.

He spent his time, at his country seat, in the deepest solitude. Sometimes he was inclined to send for his wife and her daughter; as his desire for this beautiful female was not yet extinguished. But he dreaded a refusal; and, besides that, the old man's pistol. He was agitated, therefore, by a variety of conflicting passions, without being able to come to a resolution. It was known, in the mean time, at the capital, that Selenberg was married to the daughter of a country bailiff, and had legitimated a daughter which she had borne to him. This intelligence was circulated with various additions, made to it by the voice of fame, and in that manner reached Moorberg. Charles at first would not believe it; but in a little time it was completely confirmed. The family at Moorberg were under the greater uneasiness, as they had received no accounts from Selenberg, and as no one knew

knew where he was. Charles, however, soon heard, and rode to see him.

Is it true, Selenberg, said he, what fame reports, that you are married?

Yes!

And you have legitimated your daughter?

Yes!

And :

Yes—yes—devil take it—it is all true!

But, Selenberg—my sister?

Now you have heard that I am married, and—and what to you will be incomprehensible—without a wife. My legitimated daughter I have seen only once or twice in my life; and I do not know whether I shall ever see her again.—Here he related his adventure.

Hem! said Charles, that is a sad affair indeed—But enter a complaint, and

Yes—go and shoot yourself—Your most obedient servant, Mr. Halden.

But my sister! Every one knows that the whole business was completely arranged.

You

You cannot wish that we should become altogether ridiculous. With your permission, I will relate the whole affair, in the capital, as you have just told it.—I pity your situation ; but

You may do as you please ! and I shall then write to lady Louisa of Espenbruch, the affair with the Silbermans, as it really is. We will both repent, and be honest, and tell every thing.—You have your choice, Mr. Halden.

Charles considered for a long time, and then resolved upon a new accommodation. Selenberg would not give up Emilia, though he could not yet determine how he should act. I am sensible, said he, that things cannot remain as they are ; but how they will end, I confess, I do not see.—We have to do with strange fellows, and our courage will often fail us. The old man, truly, terrified me very much.

Yes, truly, replied Charles, when a bullet passes so near one's head ! But never mind it, Selenberg ! A few steps more, and
the

the victory will be ours. My brother is, in the first place, out of the way ; and who knows whether a Turkish scimitar may not send him to the other world. Louisa, it is said, still laments his fate—She may do so ; but she will soon forget him. Seibold, also, has been sent to the devil ; and, at any rate, I am now revenged on my foolish uncle.

When I consider every thing, Mr. Halden, said Selenberg, I find the case, in this singular affair, to be very different, in regard to us and to these virtuous heroes. What dispositions must we not make—what intrigues must we not carry on, and what characters must we not assume, in order to approach nearer to our object ! They, however, are always so tranquil and so composed, that it is often out of our power to make any impression upon them. We enjoy life, it is true ; but our cares, the necessity of our being continually attentive to every thing, and the eternal expansion of our minds—and then, what cannot be altogether

gether denied—a sort of uneasiness; and, I do not know, a certain remorse, which in the end spoils our pastime

Prejudices of youth, replied Charles.

What! on my part? returned Selenberg. But this uneasiness, however, exists. I can never yet think without trembling on old Grell, with his thundering voice, and his cool determined look! My daughter asked her mother, May I then call him father? Words cannot express, Halden, how much this question penetrated my very soul. Man is sometimes a fool; that I well know, and imprisonment has rendered me tame. Yes—yes—But of what service is all that, Halden? We are never a moment secure. Should Seibold and your brother return, and hear how every thing has turned out—we should be in a pretty situation.

A good word, said Charles, will render them all again tame. You may, therefore, make yourself perfectly easy on that head.

Selenberg was brought into this good disposition

position through fear. He now knew, from experience, with what terrible consequences dissipation is attended. His whole life had been spent in gratifying illicit passion ; and he was sensible that the father would not have been guilty of a very great crime, if he had put an end to his existence by a bullet. There were ten or a dozen brothers, or fathers, who had as much reason to entertain a mortal hatred to him as Grell. A sense of danger induced him to reflect upon the whole of his past conduct. If Seibold should return !—If Halden should learn how matters stood in regard to Julia ! Selenberg was not reclaimed, but become timid. He never experienced the least remorse, when he thought that he had brought Grell's wife to her grave, and rendered the daughter miserable : these things appeared to him to be merely accidents. But he now knew what an injured father could do. **Hem !** said he to himself—this is no sport ; and, in future, I must make myself acquainted

acquainted with the temper and disposition of the father and brother, before I begin to take any liberties with the daughter.

Whatever Charles might think of Selenberg's expressions, he considered it to be far safer to leave Emilia for some time at his country house in the Mark. When the major should have an opportunity of conversing with Emilia, he would learn who had carried her off, and who had betrayed Seibold into the hands of the crimps. Charles did not doubt, therefore, that he would be highly incensed, and endeavour to punish the offenders.

At first, the major never moved from his considering window. Ten times in the day did he whistle the Dessau march, and rub the wrinkles from his forehead; but all in vain. His wife endeavoured to animate him with hope, and the old hussar never quitted the apartment. He indeed laughed sometimes, and shook his head, while they told him different things to amuse him; but when they asked him any question, they could clearly perceive by the answer,

answer, that his thoughts were absent. His laughter was frequently interrupted by deep sighs; or he would begin again to whistle. Twenty times would he run to the large map of Germany, which hung from the wall, and shake his head while he was looking at it. My dear Hannah, would he, at length, say in a melancholy tone, you wish to comfort me; and I thank God that I have two friends like you and Hennig; for what could such an unfortunate man as I do without you? I often say to myself that I am unthankful to the good God. But I cannot accustom myself to live in this solitary manner. Step to the map, once more, Hannah. Sollingen must lie here, were it marked upon it. Now tell me where I must seek for the dear young fellow? Look—he is concealed somewhere here or in Turkey, and Seibold below on this side of the map. And Emilia! I do not know in what corner she may be pining. Ought I not to feel for her, when I love all mankind?—Look, Moorberg must be situated close to
 Sollingen;

Sollingen ; with the point of a needle you could find both places. So close to each other ! and yet thence arises all my misfortune ; and all is owing to my own brother, my brother's wife, and my brother's son. Look ye, Hannah ! and when I reflect that every place where you trace with the needle is filled with wretched beings, who are still more unhappy than myself, I might fold my hands, and ask the good God—Why dost thou give the wicked so much room ? And the more I think, the more melancholy I become. Consider this map properly, my dear Hannah. Only reflect on the swarms, in all these lands, of so many thousands who run up and down tormenting each other, and robbing each other of the most common enjoyments ; think of the thousands who are now pining in misery, and then again on the thousands who, in the mean time, are indulging in riotous mirth, and the thousands who every moment disappear, and the thousands who were born with grief and sorrow to live

amidst grief and sorrow ! Ah ! one can see clearly by a map how mankind torment each other. There the earth seems like an ant-hill, where each insect attacks its neighbour right and left ; lives in continual bustle, and in a state of eternal warfare, for the sake of a single grain of corn, which in the end falls to the lot of no one—My heart is grieved when I think what misfortunes we may experience between this and the grave !

That is not the case with me, exclaimed old Hennig, who had posted himself before the map also—that is not the case with me ; and for this reason, because I know that I must die. Yes—were I to live to eternity amidst that bustle, in which, however, I have come off pretty well, I should be uneasy. But at present I think on peace as I did when in war. When we marched out of winter quarters, to expose ourselves again to bullets and sabres, I felt a palpitation at my heart, I confess. But I always thought peace must come at last ; and it did come.

And

And so it is with life, or rather better; for we lie most of our time in winter quarters; and even if we fall into misfortune, we shall certainly have peace at last. Death will come. Amen! So be it!

And, my dear Fred, said the majorefs, there is more happinefs than misery in the world. Who knows what good may arife in the end from the evils occafioned by bad men? Can you tell?

I can, returned Hennig—Bad men cause the good to unite more closely, and to love each other more. I should like to know how much love there would be in the world if there were no hatred. Among our fusiliers there was a droll fellow, possessed of a great deal of mother wit, who frequently said smart things, and was always merry. In the same company there was also a huge giant, who was always measuring himself with his comrades, and who was as proud of his size as a peacock of its tail. The droll said to him one day : Don't give yourself airs, simpleton, on account of your

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stature ;

stature; for you are tall, only because there are short men. I did not then understand exactly what this meant; but I soon guessed the fellow's drift, for he never expressed himself clearly on any subject. At length, I discovered, and I still remark, that the same observation may be applied to every thing in the world. Afterwards, when I thought with myself, Hennig, thou art an honest soul—honester than a thousand others, I would always call to mind the droll fellow, and say: Don't be conceited of your honesty, fool; for you are honest only because there are so many rogues among mankind. And so is the case with us all. Should we love Hennig and the rest so much, were they not hated by the family at Moorberg?—I say No—God made every thing. The fields must be manured with filth, in order to produce a good crop; and, in like manner, there must be villains in the earth that honesty may thrive.

Truly, old man, said the major, you are right—Ah, merciful God! added he, taking

taking off his cap ashamed, this has been told me by a human being; but what mightest not thou say, shouldest thou deign to answer my murmurings! Well, they are not yet out of the world: they may perhaps yet return.

In this manner did the good folks at Solingen comfort each other. Their first ray of hope was the intelligence of Selenberg being married—Look ye, said the major, Emilia is at last delivered! But I must go over to Moorberg, once more, in order to reconnoitre the enemy.

Scarcely had he arrived there, and dismounted, when he said, looking alternately at the mother and son, while his eyes sparkled with anger: Hark ye, Charles, Seibold is gone, and so are Hennig and Emilia also. If you have had a hand in the business, as I am firmly persuaded . . . You laugh in your own sleeve; but one of the three must, however, appear again. I have been a devil to no human being; but you have—and may God forgive you for it! I have told

you my mind in plain words—Selenberg is married—Where is Emilia ?

This speech threw Charles into considerable embarrassment ; but he pretended to be entirely ignorant of the matter. What I know, continued he, I will tell you. Hennig had an intrigue with a young girl ; both of them have disappeared ; and it is not improbable that he has run after her. Of Seibold and Emilia I know nothing. I always imagined that you was acquainted with Emilia's place of residence. If she has been carried off, Seibold, in my opinion, ought to be suspected much sooner than I.

Charles said all this in a tone of the greatest sincerity. The major cast his eyes for a few minutes to the ground, and thought : Has Emilia eloped with Seibold ? But he soon said : It is a villainous scheme ; and take it not amiss if I ascribe it to you rather than to Seibold. It must soon be known—and God have mercy on the guilty !

Charles now considered it adviseable, more than ever, to suffer Emilia to remain
where

where she was; and he again enjoined the people at Selenberg's seat, to prevent her from having any opportunity of writing letters, or of escaping. He took measures also for accomplishing his wishes in regard to lady Louisa, and rode over daily, either on horseback or in a carriage, to Ransleben; but however much supported by the father and the old cousin, he never could obtain the affection of Louisa. Once more, then, he was out in his reckoning. He founded his hopes upon Hennig's absence; and this absence even destroyed them. Louisa concluded, very properly: He is gone against the Turks through despair; he cannot then have ceased to love me. She had, however, not forgotten Hennig's unlucky billet to Julia; but his despair, and his present danger, spoke in a more forcible manner to her heart. The case must be otherwise, thought she. I have certainly erred; and therefore she held out with great firmness against all the solicitations of the young courtier, all the scolding of the

old cousin, and all the representations of her father.

If Hennig had done so much for her, ought she not to do something for him? She said to her father, the old cousin, and Charles: I will never give my hand to any other man than he who now With these words the tears gushed from her eyes who is now, perhaps, lying in the murderous field of battle, complaining of my severity and cruelty.—The young courtier laughed; shook his head; shrugged up his shoulders, and held his tongue. Louisa pressed him to tell what he knew—He is my brother! said Charles, turning round on his heel, and I must therefore be silent. As Louisa still insisted, he was at length prevailed on to speak. You believe, returned he, that it was despair which induced my brother to go against the Turks. I cannot comprehend how he contrived to put on his mask in such a manner that you could not see under it!—Louisa looked at him with aversion; for she was already acquainted

acquainted with the calumniator.—Charles went on: I do not know what you may have heard of his intrigue with a certain Julia. The girl disappeared; my brother was missing a few days after; and

That was an accident, Mr. Halden; I know it perfectly well—I myself was the cause of it.

You the cause of it?—Here the young courtier shook his head in a very significant manner, and laughed. Louisa was again thrown into new perplexity, and Charles continued: Whether he may have persuaded you to believe that he went to fight against the Turks, on your account, I do not know; but he kept up an epistolary correspondence with the girl, while you was in the capital—That he met his favourite with a chaise at the distance of three miles out of town, and that he then rode off with her, I well know, because I saw it.

You saw it? said Louisa:—You saw it?—Here the blood rushed into her cheeks—You saw him with the girl? Her eyes

sparkled with anger, and she exclaimed, with every mark of aversion: O! the profligate! profligate! looking at the same time at Charles, who was greatly vexed because the word profligate might be applied to himself. Do you think, added he, that I calumniate? This question made her hesitate before she pronounced final judgment on the object of her affections. She cast a piercing look towards Charles, and said with apparent tranquillity: Mr. Halden, do you assert so of your brother? I will never see you more, till you produce sufficient proof that what you say is true. She then turned round, and Charles called after her; Nothing will be so easy as to bring proof, if you will only give me time. Louisa shook with agitation when she heard these words; and, almost convinced, thought with herself—O! the profligate!

During this conversation Charles had fallen exactly on the means by which he could prove the infidelity of his brother. He wrote to Julia, and sent her the copy of
a billet

a billet to Hennig, which he desired her to transcribe. In this billet, which was a masterpiece of villainy, Julia lamented the fate of lady Louisa; congratulated herself on her own felicity, in being, at length, able to triumph over Hennig's love; and appointed a place where he should meet her with a chaise. Charles, at the same time, asked Julia if the cabinet-maker's wife had any of her writing in her possession, adding: I shall be exceedingly happy were that the case, as Louisa, should she entertain any doubt, may convince herself by comparing it with the billet.

In the course of a few posts, Julia sent Charles a copy of the billet, and assured him that there must be a great deal of her hand-writing at the cabinet-maker's house, such as songs, ariettes, and the like. Charles now went to Louisa, and said: I wish it had fallen to the lot of some one else than I to bring you this billet; for it contains an accusation against my own brother—But I would do the same thing if he were quite a

stranger—You have been deceived in a most villainous manner. Only read it—

Louisa took the paper, and, after she had unfolded it and read the contents, asked : **How did you get possession of this billet ?—** In a very natural manner, said Charles ; I took a jaunt to town, and went immediately to my brother. It was about ten or twelve hours before his sudden departure. He was then busy in packing up, and the door stood open. I saw him read a paper with sparkling eyes ; but as soon as he observed me he threw it, perhaps in order to conceal it, upon a bureau which stood in the apartment. It, however, slipped over, and fell behind it. I remained with him till he went ; for his packing up had inspired me with I know not what suspicion, especially as he endeavoured to conceal the billet. Next morning I went to pay him another visit ; but he was already gone. I now recollected the billet, which the evening before he had sought for with great uneasiness, though he pretended to miss something else ;
and

and I found it exactly where I supposed, behind the bureau. I then mounted my horse, and rode off in great haste to the appointed place of rendezvous. When I arrived I found that he had got into a chaise with a very pretty girl. I attempted to speak to him; but he immediately drove off, and was soon out of sight.

And did Julia write this letter? asked Emilia with a faltering voice.

Her name is at the bottom of it, said Charles. Proofs of its being from the same Julia I really cannot give. I know her only by report. But, in my opinion, it must soon be discovered whether this billet was written by her, if people will give themselves a little trouble.

Why should I not believe you? said Louisa, bursting out into a sudden laugh. I thank you, Mr. Halden—I thank you:—allow me only time, and you shall hear farther from me. Such was the oppression of her heart when she spoke these words, that

that she could scarcely give them utterance.

She, however, still entertained a hope that the billet might be false, and that Charles was a base calumniator. Being desirous to ascertain the truth, she requested permission from her father to take a jaunt to the capital for two days. Scarcely had she arrived there, when she went alone to the house of the cabinet-maker, with whom Julia had lodged, and asked whether *mademoiselle* had left any of her writing there. Not a syllable, replied the cabinet-maker's wife, quite astonished. O! yes, mother, said one of the children, she wrote out for me a great many of the songs which she used to sing—I will fetch them.—Louisa grasped them in great haste; immediately recognised Julia's hand, and became pale. The mistake was already committed! Louisa gave the child something for the songs; put them in her pocket; hastened back in great agitation to the inn, and signified her intention of

of returning immediately to Ransleben. The old cousin scolded her on account of this singular caprice; but nevertheless yielded to her wishes.

On the road Louisa scarcely uttered a single word. The most violent passions, offended pride, shame, anger and hatred mixed with the bitterest pain, raged incessantly in her bosom; and in this situation she arrived at Ransleben. When her father expressed astonishment at her sudden return, she looked at him with a melancholy smile; complained that she was not well, and immediately retired to her apartment. Love again resumed its empire in her heart. Susan insinuated herself into her confidence, and declared Hennig to be innocent. Louisa unfolded Julia's billet; placed the songs close by it, and asked: Are these written in the same hand?—Susan was obliged to say Yes—Now then, continued Louisa with warmth, seizing the paper and tearing it with violence—Now then, it is all torn! The base, contemptible profligate!—I advise

wife you never to mention his name to me again.

Ah ! my dear lady Louisa, said Susan in a supplicating tone, how can Mr. Halden, with his honest, open countenance, be a contemptible profligate ? You do him injustice, lady Louisa—You certainly do him injustice. I would say so were this my last moment. His pale countenance ! Only reflect now, my dear lady Louisa ! He has not deceived you ; he is certainly a man of honour. He may have taken some notice of the girl, at the cabinet-maker's ; but he has not deceived you—that I will maintain before God.

Louisa again became uneasy, when Susan said : He may have taken some notice of the girl ; and she quitted the room, because Susan, notwithstanding her orders, never ceased to defend and to praise her unfaithful lover.

The first time her father again began to talk of her marriage, she said to him very coolly : Will you not permit me to remain unmarried ?—

unmarried?—No, replied he—I will not compel you to accept a man you dislike—but you must marry.

The old cousin then began a long panegyric on Charles. I request, cousin, said Louisa, that you will be silent on that head—If I must marry, dear father, tell me to whom I shall give my hand. It is indifferent to me whom I give it to.

To the eldest Halden, replied the father—What say'st thou, Louisa?—He is

What he is, dear father, his own conscience can best tell. You wish it, and I am ready—Announce it to him, cousin, added she coolly; for you also are interested in the business.

The old cousin retired immediately to her apartment, and sent notice to the chamberlain's lady of what had taken place. Next day, the family of Moorberg came all over to Ransleben. The mother made the proposal once more in due form, and the count had no objection. Charles fell down on one knee before Louisa, who with
secret

secret pain and cold despair said to him: Rise up, Mr. Halden! Such romantic tricks are not necessary. My father commands, and I must obey. Charles rose up slowly; laid hold of Louisa's hand; pressed it to his lips, and said: My dear lady Louisa, by these words you make me the happiest of men. You are at length, then, touched by my love; you are then

I request, Mr. Halden, said Louisa, that you will have done! My father grants you my hand; and here it is. Enquire no farther why I give it to you.

Here the parents interfered. Louisa continued cool; and when she should have stretched out her hand to Charles, she felt the painful qualms of returning love thrill through every limb in her body. She hesitated, and became pale. A secret voice whispered in her ear: He is innocent. Hennig stood before her, in idea, pale, and in a supplicating posture, as he had appeared to her on the evening when he took his leave. She started back a few steps with a tremulous

tremulous motion : but the next moment she beheld him in the chaise with Julia—in Julia's arms. She stepped boldly forwards, stretched out her hand with an averted countenance, and Charles put a ring upon her finger. Louisa here remembered the happy moment which gave birth to her love, and the tears started into her eyes. Ah ! said she in a plaintive tone, I pressed the ring on a false heart ! The old cousin pulled a ring from her finger, and gave it to Louisa. Here, Mr. Halden, said Louisa, without taking hold of the ring——Shall I not receive it from your hand ? said Charles. Louisa gave him the ring with the tips of her fingers, became still paler, and falling into her father's arms was carried out of the room insensible.

Charles was exceedingly anxious that the wedding ceremony might take place speedily, because it was of importance to him, that he should secure his right as soon as possible. Louisa sought consolation in Susan ; but she read in the girl's countenance only

only reproaches, and was unable to make her speak a single word. Ever since the moment of the betrothing she was sensible that she had been too rash, and that she had rendered herself unhappy. Her anger, however, subsided; for how could she longer entertain any hatred to a youth from whom she was now eternally separated, and to whom she durst no more make any pretensions! Her love was revived, therefore, in her heart with more ardour than ever. She was sensible that she could be happy with the beloved youth, would he only return to her arms, and she lamented the loss of that good fortune, which she herself had destroyed.

Louisa's betrothing was not long a secret.

The devil! said the cook, taking the game-keeper of Sollingen by the hand, your young master is thrown out of his chance with lady Louisa, and that milk-sop, the eldest, is to have her. They have overcome the poor young thing by persuasion; for I will suffer myself to be chopped into a minced-

minced-pie, if she had not a natural antipathy to the oldest. The game-keeper is always babbling something about infidelity and letters; but I believe nothing of it. The young one's heart sits on the right side. He is gone against the enemies of Christendom, to try his fortune, let it be what it may; and they have made the young countess believe that he left the country on her account. I have already told her, in plain words, that the eldest is a pancake, and the youngest roast-beef; and the tears always started into her eyes. She winked to me to be silent; and her heart was so oppressed that she could not utter a single word. But, as the devil would have it, it is now too late. But where is your young master? Why does not the major write to him to return? As soon as he arrives the victory will be ours. Every body in the house pities the little countess, and would go through fire and water to serve her. But what does all this avail? That old dragon, the cousin, is the sole cause of it. But I have sworn to
 spoil

spoil every dish on the wedding-day, and that they shall not have a single morsel fit to be eaten—The poor dear girl!—

Intelligence of this event soon reached the major. Hark ye now, children, O! the poor girl! exclaimed he softly, in a melancholy tone, while he wrote Hennig's name on the table with his finger. I request you will not attempt to console me. Let me alone, Hannah! Let me alone, old man! let me alone!—They have got the better of us, as I foretold—I will tell you, continued he with emotion, after a short pause, how it will be. She will marry that insensible profligate, who wishes only for her money. When the young one returns, he will sit and torment himself to death, and me and you also. Good God! And Seibold—will he survive it? And then Emilia, when she hears and sees all this!—Ah! dear children, I wish I were out of the world!—But the good God hears my prayers, and will dispose every thing for the best.

Such were the complaints of the major; and his wife knew not in what manner to heal his affliction. Old Hennig himself was reduced to the greatest perplexity, and obliged frequently to wipe the trickling tear from his eyes. If I could only hear any intelligence of him! said he—Yes, I would ride to Turkey, and tell him: Hennig, your uncle pines himself to death; and your dear Louisa is married. He would certainly return!—And if I could only write, I would address a letter to lady Louisa, which she would not shew to every body.

The major was pleased with these reflections. He rode over without any attendants to Ransleben; and sent up his name to Louisa, who happened to be at home alone. She, however, declined his visit, under a pretence of not being well. The major, who, on account of the melancholy state of his mind, was somewhat timid, turned immediately round, in order to return, but Susan said: Her indisposition, major, is of
no

no importance; and if I were in your place Here she looked and pointed towards the door. The major nodded, as a token of his satisfaction; knocked at the door, and then entered.

For the first few minutes, neither Louisa nor the major was able to give utterance to a single syllable. Louisa cast some glances at the major; and the tear of sensibility started into her eye. Where there are tears, said the major, there also is compassion. He then advanced towards her; laid hold of her hand, and looked her in the face with wistful anxiety. Louisa turned her eyes to the floor like a criminal. My dear girl, said he tenderly, I will do nothing that can hurt you—I wish only I could tell you, in two words, what I really have to say! Yes, I wish to intercede for the poor youth, who is now a wanderer in the world—for my poor Hennig. I hear that you are betrothed, my dear girl. You are not unfaithful, I am well convinced. But, my dear child, some misfortune may happen if

if Hennig should return, and see you his brother's wife ; for he has a great affection for you.

Louisa found something so convincing in the affectionate tone of the old man, that she was much pained, and her uneasiness made her so restless that she could scarcely sit on her chair. Sometimes she cast her eyes, brimful of tears, towards the major, and sometimes turned them towards the floor— Ah ! he does not love me, said she at length with a sigh——Were that the case, my dear child, replied the major, you would be in the right, and I should not lose a word more by talking of him. In that case, look ye, I should bespeak my coffin, and truly my last words should be : God bless the worthy Louisa ! for she is innocent. But how do you know that, dear child ?— How do you know that ?

Louisa now told him the whole affair, inserting here and there some little circumstances which her imagination suggested, and which must prove Hennig's infidelity

in the most evident manner, and then added : He has Julia with him, even at this moment ! That is certain.—In the course of the relation her hatred was again awakened ; and she at last called poor Hennig a false, faithless deceiver.

Do you hate him then ? said the major in confusion, and immediately started up——Yes, replied Louisa. I never hated any man ; but I hate him, because he is a false, faithless deceiver.

The major no longer had courage to defend his beloved Hennig ; for Louisa's relation coincided too exactly with what he had learned from Hennig's servants. He clapped his hand to his face, shook his head, and said softly : I beg, my dear lady Louisa, that you will not abuse him any more. Truly you are right.—But it touches me to the heart—If I had only known this before—But don't take it ill that I paid you this visit. I knew things only by halves—Gracious God ! now shall I return with a heavier heart than I came hither. I thought
that

that by seeing the worthy Louisa my mind would be eased of its burthen. Adieu, dear child ! once more adieu ! God grant you may be happier than I !——He made a step forwards ; turned suddenly back ; laid hold of Louisa's hand, and with a faltering voice said : Louisa, I wish he were innocent—I wish he may only have been calumniated ! Ah ! I could almost swear it is so—the young one was so noble-minded and so good. Were he innocent, my dear girl ?—This question reduced Louisa to the utmost perplexity. All her ideas and sensations repeated to her : I wish he were innocent. Her heart was quite in a glow ; but her cold lips replied : Unfortunately he is not.

The major, in great grief, went to the door. Louisa followed him with much pain, and made a movement as if she wished to stop him. She appeared as if desirous to say : O ! remain ; prove to me that he is innocent.—But she could give vent only to a few sighs.

When the major shut the door behind him, Louisa fell upon her knees, laid her face on the sofa, embraced one of the pillows with both her arms, and said sobbing : Now, I am lost—they have all—all abandoned me.

The poor girl could no longer see the smallest ray of hope. She was just in the same situation as if she had stood in the middle of a terrible gulph, on an eminence which constantly shook under her, and of which a small portion fell in every moment. She was already in a state of stupid apathy ; though, at present, after the major's visit, she became again sensible of her misery, till, at length, tired of crying, exhausted with thinking, and harassed with dreaming, she again sunk into her former state of insensibility.

The major returned home quite inconsolable ; but when he recovered himself a little, he examined Hennig's servants once more. He found that Louisa's relation obtained still more probability, and this inspired

spired him with new courage. No, Hennig, said he to the old hussar, beating his breast with violence, you may talk as long as you please, but the girl was whole nights with him in his room. Can you find fault then with lady Louisa for saying No? And now—may the devil and now he and the girl are wandering about through the world together! Had he been in the right, he could have opened his mouth; but he slunk away privately.—Say no more, Hennig—no more. I wish poor Louisa could forget him altogether. He is a My God, I however still love him; and would receive him with tears of joy in case he should return. But from lady Louisa he does not deserve so much as her little finger; and nothing pains me but that she has betrothed herself to the good-for-nothing Charles. Were he a young man of honour, I would say: You have done well, lady Louisa! for we cannot expect, old man, that she should wash her white angelic hands in the water which the waiting-

maid or miss Julia Silberman has already dirtied. I have no confidence in the maid. If he would, however, only return ! I should consider it as a trick of youth. But the worthy little Louisa he does not deserve, old man. That I'll maintain.

Old Hennig muttered his disapprobation ; but he could produce nothing in opposition to what the major said, except his affection for the unfortunate youth. All conversation respecting Hennig was now, for some time, avoided ; but the major, at length, received a letter from him, which he immediately read to his wife and the old man. This letter did not contain a single syllable of Julia, but the following clear and expressive words : " I have deserved my fate." Look ye, now, old man, said the major, he begins to act the penitent—there it appears in plain words that he is guilty.

Now, said Hennig with emotion, there are none more entitled to the love of God than the penitent ; and lady Louisa cannot, therefore, be displeased with him. Where
do

do you find a word of wandering about with a girl? God be praised, lady Louisa has not yet suffered the ceremony to be performed! For now? Here he looked at the major in a supplicating manner What now? asked the latter. That is of no use, lady Louisa will say—I will have no husband who needs repentance. And in that she is right.

Major, she is not right, said Hennig. Would you call any one a man, who would not have the magnanimity to write what Hennig has written? I tell you, major, we must give the letter to lady Louisa. If Hennig should once come back, you must receive him here at Sollingen. What, then, has he done bad? One time is no time.

He has broken his word, old man. Is that nothing bad? He has been unfaithful to Louisa. Is that nothing bad? There, take the letter! I have nothing to say to it. Do what you think proper.

Hennig went immediately with the letter to Ransleben; shewed it to the waiting-

maid, and earnestly entreated that she would give it to lady Louisa.

Louisa had just laid her head on her hand and shut her eyes, when Susan entered, and placed the open letter before her. When she awakened from her dream, and cast her eyes on the paper, she recognised Hennig's hand. She read, with tears, and after many pauses, the following words, which seemed to have been written for her also.

“ With a trembling hand, dear father, I resume my pen, for the first time, to acquaint you that I am still alive. You ought never to have heard a word more from your unfortunate nephew; but I can withstand the impulse of my feelings no longer. My soul must yet lose itself in the favourite spot where Sollingen and Ransleben are situated. Here I reside in an immense plain, over which night diffuses her tranquillity. My heart is the only point where there is any tumult; where the voice of sorrow, pain and despair is heard. My imagination still
fondly

fondly dwells on the remembrance of those fortunate hours, when in a light boat, under the branches of the silver poplar, enchanted by the song of the nightingale, and the murmuring of the water among the reeds, I was the happiest of men—those hours when heaven poured its joys around me—joys which I forfeited through my own fault.

“ Ah! I dare not think on them, else I should never have done! My heart labours under an oppressive burthen; and I breathe only with pain—Oft do I stand with my eyes stedfastly fixed towards the quarter in which I enjoyed so much happiness, and transmit my sighs to the clouds which seem to approach it. Those which proceed thence, I receive with anxious pain. They bring me only reproaches; and yet I wish to cool my pain in these clouds, for they have swept the beloved spot which is now shut against me for ever. Ah! why cannot I say what was once said by an innocent and magnanimous heart? I could suspend
 E 5 myself

myself from the edge of a cloud, and suffer myself to be transported along with it

No—no! I could plunge with it into the deepest abyss—into the darkness of eternity—could I be again permitted to say, Have compassion on my heart : it was weak, but not wicked.

“ There the fruitful plains expand themselves under a serene sky, which bright hope covers with a thousand sparkling rays; while over me is suspended another heaven of melancholy clouds, which weep in concert with the friendless heart below. My gloomy heaven is not lighted by a single star; but a destructive flash bursts sometimes from it with a loud noise, and pierces my already torn heart.

“ O! when I am mouldering into dust, tell the noble-minded maid, to whose name my lips no longer dare give utterance, because she is lost to me—tell her—No, she shall not so much as suspect that an expiring eye, in a remote country, closes for ever with her beloved image before it.

“ I am

"I am unfortunate ; but I have deserved my fate. Ah ! were these the hopes entertained by myself—by you—by my father ? Of all, nothing now remains but a ring and a letter. A thousand times do I read the letter. It tells me what I have lost—And the ring ? Once it raised me to heaven ; but now it unites me with misery.

"My dear father, should I again return, and should your compassionate eye be obliged to say : Thou art lost—O ! mention not my name, and permit me through your tenderness to pour forth my tears at your feet. Suffer me to hope and to fear, till your final determination shall break my heart. I salute my worthy aunt, and my honest old Hennig ; I send my blessing to you all—Louisa—ah ! her name has escaped from my pen—May Louisa be happy !

" HENNIG VON HALDEN."

On reading this letter, Louisa burst into tears. She immediately started up ; ran with it to the window, which she opened,

and whispered to the clouds: I love him—
 Ah! God, I love him! I am so unfortunate, and yet so rejoiced. In the midst of her emotion she forgot Hennig's guilt; accused only herself; loaded Charles with imprecations, and reproached him in the bitterest manner. She pressed the letter to her bosom and her lips. Every thing was forgotten; not a spark more of jealousy approached her heart, and Hennig was again the sole object of her affections. She had injured him and put him to pain. It was she only who had been unfaithful.

Her mind now hurried from resolution to resolution, and though a solemn betrothing had taken place, she resolved to give Charles a formal denial. Had she had an opportunity this evening of speaking to him and his father, every thing already settled would have been annulled; but night came on; her enthusiasm subsided, and its place was supplied by sober reflection. Louisa now found, with pain, that a thousand things were to be taken into consideration.

What

What reasons could she assign for this change in her sentiments?—The letter? Ah! she always read it with renovated rapture; but her father would have found in it only Hennig's confession of his guilt.

She determined not to break her promise, but to oblige Charles to abandon his design. The first time, therefore, that he returned, she was no longer cool as before, but haughty, proud, and sensible to the smallest affront. Charles, however, put up with her caprice; was humble, obedient, respectful, and patient; and still found her amiable. Louisa cried through vexation; for she now plainly saw that, even by this conduct, she should not be able to free herself from her engagement. Her father, at the earnest request of Charles and his mother, had already fixed the day for performing the wedding ceremony. The timid Louisa was still silent; and her sudden paleness alone shewed what were the secret emotions of her soul. She was sensible that she approached still nearer to the abyss; and resolved every evening,

evening, after reading Hennig's letter, to bring the affair next morning to a speedy conclusion, whatever might be the consequence. She was thus enabled to enjoy found repose, and imagined herself delivered; but the returning morn still brought with it the idea of shame. What will the world say? thought she. I must be considered as a fool! Have I not voluntarily pledged my word to him? Ah! I am unfortunate, and nothing now can save me. Thus one week passed after another; the dreadful day of union still drew nearer; and, in all probability, notwithstanding her hatred to Charles, she would have become his wife, had not Emilia fortunately prevented it.

Emilia lived very peaceably at Selenberg's country seat. Escape was out of the question, as she was too closely watched: besides, she was unwilling to run away, in order that she might have an opportunity of shewing her mother that she was not to be forced; and to prove to Seibold how much
she

she could endure for his sake. She, however, could not comprehend why Selenberg did not make his appearance. His connection with Julia was soon known to her. She felt compassion for this beautiful girl; and she, therefore, took in good-part her friendly interference. Formerly it would have been impossible for her to act in this manner; but living in the capital, and at court, where she had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with so many victims to illicit passion, had rendered her more compassionate with these poor objects of seduction, though her detestation of libertinism increased.

Julia, in order to gain Emilia's favour, assumed an air of innocence, and, as soon as she perceived that she was known, an air of regret for her weakness. Emilia was more attached to her than to any person in the house; she found pleasure in Julia's conversation, and told her every circumstance that had happened to her. She did not even conceal her strong aversion to Selenberg.

lenberg, and would add laughing : I know well, Julia, that I ought not to tell you all these things.—In a word, there arose between these two females a kind of confidence, on which Julia began to place great value.

Julia did not hate youth and innocence, but innocent virtuous maidens—not on account of their being so, but because, proud of their innocence, they despised every girl that had fallen into an error. She believed that not one, perhaps, of these daughters of virtue would remain innocent, should they be brought into the same situation which had deprived her of her virtue. She, therefore, considered the innocence and chastity of a young girl as a matter of chance, not of merit ; and paid back with hatred the contempt which was shewn to her. Here now she found, for the first time, an innocent maid by whom she was not despised ; who did justice to her talents, and who was fond of her company. This gave Julia spirits, as well as exalted her

her heart ; and without thinking of reward, she did every thing in her power to deserve Emilia's esteem. The exertions which she made were apparent to Emilia ; and thus was there formed between these two females a bond of gratitude and confidence, which imperceptibly became still stronger.

Emilia soon acquired a sort of esteem for the unfortunate ; and, indeed, how can one see a person whom one loves, loaded with shame, without attempting to remove it ? As soon as she had formed a resolution of delivering Julia, she felt a love for the girl, which still added to the strength and tenderness of her compassion.

As they were both, one day, sitting in a confidential manner, near each other, Julia gave a history of a certain part of her life, and began to rail against the men. Emilia laid hold of her hand with great tenderness, and said with a soft voice : So handsome—so prudent, and so good, and yet so unfortunate !—Julia did not know how affecting these words were ; but she
could

Could not refrain from tears, and she at length asked : Unfortunate ?—So unfortunate, said Emilia once more ; for, added she in a tender affectionate tone : How happy might you not have made some worthy man with your heart !—What a wife, what a mother might you not have been !

Julia stood up quite confused. She imagined that these words were spoken through contempt ; and her face became red with anger. Emilia, however, took her immediately in her arms, and said tenderly : Forgive me, I pray—I would not have used such expressions had I not loved you, and had I not known that you deserve a better fate. You fell into the hands of a worthless, contemptible seducer ; but you are of the same disposition as Dorothy, with whose misfortune I have made you acquainted. This, however, was not the case, though Emilia believed so ; and it is often only necessary to ascribe virtue to the fallen, in order to inspire them with a desire of deserving such a good name. Julia clasped

clasped Emilia in her arms, and felt and confessed, the first time in her life, that she was unfortunate. She now related to Emilia her whole history, with a little reserve, indeed, but still tolerably right in regard to the events of it. Emilia clearly saw that she ought not to have compared Julia with Dorothy; but she did not recall her words. Her affection for the girl was increased by this confidence; and her desire to free her from the trammels of vice became still stronger. She embraced Julia; called her her unfortunate friend; assured her that she should be delivered; and promised to take her under her immediate protection, as soon as she herself should be restored to the favour of fortune.

This offer awakened in Julia's breast a consciousness that she had not only been guilty of a fault, but had done an injury to Emilia's brother. However much she was flattered by the offer, she nevertheless refused it, saying: I cannot think of agreeing to your proposal—It is impossible! You do.

do not know the reason why!—Here she stood with a timid, dejected countenance, still repeating: It is impossible!—Emilia insisted.—Julia, who was deeply affected by her kindness, wrung her hands, and half frantic exclaimed: Ah! how unfortunate I am! Your brother! lady Louisa!

Emilia was quite astonished at her behaviour, and entreated her to relate the whole story; upon which she gave her an account of the affair respecting Hennig and Louisa, while her words were often interrupted by tears. These tears were, indeed, those of sincerity; for, though she was vain, fickle, and intriguing, she was not absolutely wicked. As Louisa had moved her heart, she already repented that she had taken any part in deceiving her; but she lived on a pension given her by Selenberg, and was thereby rendered subordinate to him and to his vices.

Emilia now learned, by asking a thousand questions, the whole particulars of the affair, and also the last deception practised

in

in regard to the letter which Julia had lately written at the desire of Charles. After confessing this circumstance, the girl was easily persuaded that she must now make an atonement for every thing that had been done. Emilia sent a letter to her uncle, in which she informed him that he might privately send a carriage to wait for her in the neighbourhood of Selenberg's seat; and appointed a certain hour at which she would be ready to make use of it. When the time came, she and Julia stole through the garden with their clothes tied up in a bundle; jumped into the carriage, and, in a few days, arrived safe at Sollingen.

The major was overjoyed on seeing Emilia; but his hearty welcome was soon followed by the melancholy exclamation: Poor Hennig! In three days Charles will be Louisa's husband!—God be praised! cried Emilia clapping her hands for gladness, that I am arrived in sufficient time! The marriage, dear uncle, will come to nothing.

nothing.—She immediately wrote to Louisa; made her acquainted with the secret springs of the last deception, and, as a proof of it, inclosed the letter which Charles had written to Julia. Old Hennig undertook to get the letter delivered; and, by means of Susan, had it conveyed into the hands for which it was destined.

Louisa opened Emilia's letter with much unconcern, the consequence of her disconsolate state; but her heart began to beat high with expectation when she read: My brother Hennig is innocent. He has never been guilty of any act of infidelity towards you. Charles and Selenberg are a couple of worthless wretches, &c. If you entertain any doubt on this subject, I will make Julia, who is here, appear personally before Charles; but I request of you to conceal, if possible, the place of her present residence.

Louisa started up quite overjoyed, and wished for no farther proof, as Charles's
hand-

hand-writing removed every doubt. Her love to Hennig was revived with its former ardour, and restored to her that courage which she had lost. Every thing was now easy; for she had it in her power to unmask the deceiver whenever she thought proper.

The following day Charles and his mother came again to Ransleben. As they stepped from the carriage, they heard Louisa say aloud and with symptoms of joy: There they come! Louisa received them to-day, for the first time, and her countenance displayed every mark of the most lively satisfaction. There they are! at length exclaimed she again, as if quite intoxicated with pleasure. Charles laid hold of her hand with a sort of artificial rapture, and, full of the most sanguine hopes, conducted them into the house.

I do not know, daughter, said the count, how it happens that to-day you are so cheerful and so much changed. She has certainly been dreaming of you, Mr. Halden, added he, looking at Charles.—My love, replied

replied Charles, must have at length touched her heart. O! my dear—dear Louisa! —Here he attempted to kiss her hand; but she retired back in great confusion, because this mistake had thrown her into considerable agitation. She nevertheless said, in a firm tone: Mr. Halden, I here publicly declare, however strange it may appear, that I am fully resolved never to be your wife.

Charles became pale, while his mother stood as motionless as a statue. The count himself was terrified, and the old cousin said in a sneering manner, looking stedfastly at Louisa: By such behaviour you will render yourself and your worthy father both objects of eternal ridicule! —The count now turned towards his daughter, and, addressing her, said in a resolute tone: My dear child, you must marry Mr. Halden.

Mr. Halden, said Louisa, I hope that, on your own account, you will not attempt to make me alter my resolution. Charles readily perceived that Louisa must be acquainted with some of his secrets, but to what

what extent he was not able to conjecture. This, however, was to him a matter of indifference, if he could only once get the marriage ceremony performed. Your ladyship, said he, seems to entertain some prejudice against me; but I have been guilty of nothing, except perhaps some trifling error: and an error can never destroy a contract which has been entered into publicly. I entreat you, my dear lady Louisa, not to throw any farther impediments in the way of my happiness.

Sir, replied Louisa coolly and with dignity, your brother has not gone off with Julia.

No? said Charles—That may perhaps be the case. I shewed you the note which led me into an error.

Your error, Mr. Halden? . . . I ask you once more: Will you suffer me to keep to my resolution?

No, my dearest—Allow me to give you a definite answer. The sublime happiness of calling you mine—this happiness I cannot

not forego, even if convenience only had determined our union. Our marriage has been publicly declared as about to take place. Every body knows that the day after to-morrow I shall be happy—Only reflect yourself!

The day after to-morrow you will be Mrs. Halden, said the count in a decisive tone—I give you my word for it.

Certainly not, father, said Louisa—certainly not—Such an event will never take place, as sure as you are my father! This Mr. Halden, whose wife you wish me to be, sent an artful female deceiver to his brother; but the plot did not take, and then he deceived me.

And where are your proofs of this charge, madam? said Charles, who by this time had recovered himself.

Here they are, replied Louisa, pulling out Charles's letter—Only read it, father!

The count read the letter aloud, and Charles turned as pale as death when he heard the first words. The letter was as

follows : “ We shall soon be snug in port, my pretty prudent Julia. My poor devil of a brother, through despair on account of a crime which he never committed, is gone to fight against the Turks. You have caught for me one bird, and I must request, my dear Julia, that you will procure for me the other—I mean lady Louisa. Though she believes that her Celadon has been unfaithful, she does not hate him ; but she must do so when she becomes my wife. She will certainly hate him when she is convinced that you, my dear friend, have gone with him to Turkey. For this purpose you must copy the inclosed letter, and at the same time let me know whether any of your hand-writing is still to be found at the cabinet maker’s house, where you lodged, as lady Louisa may be a little hard of belief in this respect, and doubt your hand. You know how much I am indebted to you already.”

But, Mr. Halden, said the count, did you actually write this letter ? Excuse me—

You have been guilty of a very unbecoming action ! and if I had seen this letter sooner . . . Truly, you do not deserve Louisa. If matters had not already been carried so far, Mr. Halden, I

Yes, said Charles in a little humbler tone, it was unbecoming, count. But the violence of my love Forgive me a step, which . . . which . . .

The count replied, but indeed with a more gloomy countenance : It is now done, Louisa—You must pardon him, as I do.

Louisa became pale—she was far from expecting such words from her father, and had already imagined herself free from her engagement. Before she could say a word, however, in reply, her father continued to read : “ I must pursue this step, my dear Julia, in order to advance a little farther ; for it is otherwise impossible to get Louisa from the magic circle of her love. The old lady with her blue lips and toothless mouth prays for my success ; but ”

O ! you are a shameless fellow, exclaimed

ed the old lady, trembling with passion—
 Louisa shall have nothing to say to you!
 Here she snatched the letter from the count's
 hand, in order to be convinced, with her
 own eyes, whether these detestable words
 were really to be found in it.

The count, happy to find that the old
 lady was sometimes a little nettled, said
 laughing : Now, that is, indeed, highly
 indecent. Truly, you may think yourself
 very happy that your wedding-day is fixed
 at so early a period as the day after to-mor-
 row, else my cousin would give you some
 trouble.

Ah! no, replied the old lady with a
 sneering laugh. I will, however, read the
 letter to the end.—“ And the count is a
 most ceremonious old fool, who has no-
 thing in his head or on his tongue but his
arrondissement and his Ratisbon.”

Here the count, in a violent passion,
 snatched the letter from her hand ; looked
 into it, and found that it actually contained
 these indecent expressions.—What ! ex-

claimed he, I a ceremonious old fool!—You are an impudent fool—an impostor, sir; and to shew you that I am not so ceremonious as you imagine, I must tell you plainly, that your marriage shall not take place; and so this moment get out of my house!

A scene highly comic now ensued. Charles wished to make one attempt more, and replied: I

The old lady interrupted him: Blue lips! cried she—What a fellow! Without teeth! Who told you that?

I said Charles, turning to the count. The count replied: A ceremonious fool! eh!—I tell you, without ceremony, that I do not wish to have anything farther to say to you.

I said Charles to Louisa.

You see, sir, replied Louisa, that the best thing you can do is to depart.

The old lady now railed at Mrs. Halden, and the latter scolded in her turn. The count, in a violent passion, gave vent to abusive

abusive words, which he had not before employed for many years. Louisa, however, paid scarcely any attention to what was passing: her thoughts were so entirely occupied with the object of her affection, that she almost forgot every thing around her.

Mrs. Halden, at length, made a curtsey, and said something, in the violence of her passion, which nobody understood. The old lady returned the compliment, and spoke equally loud. Charles and the count both talked at the same time; and all the four walked down the steps, from the drawing-room, mingling their voices together in noisy altercation. The domestics soon made their appearance, and beheld with astonishment the scene which took place. Mrs. Halden laid hold of her son's arm, while the old lady leaned upon that of the count. Bows and curtsies were again made and returned. Charles and his mother stepped into their carriage; and the count and the old lady went back to the drawing-room. At every third step the

count kept repeating : I an old ceremonious fool ! and the old lady : Blue lips ! No teeth !

Louisa, who by this time had retired to her own apartment, exclaimed with outstretched arms, while the pearly drops stood glistening in her sparkling eyes : So, I have him once more ! He is then innocent !

Charles sat in the carriage, a prey to shame as well as resentment, and began to reflect within himself on the scene which had just taken place. He could not comprehend by whom approaching victory had been thus unexpectedly snatched from him. His mother, who knew very little of his plan, which had been completely disconcerted, was desirous to be made acquainted with the whole story. He was, however, so vexed that he gave her a rude and incoherent answer ; and she now experienced, what she was ignorant of before, that her son loved her only when every thing proceeded according to his wishes. Both returned home much displeased, and, for the first

first time, angry with each other ; but as Charles firmly believed that Emilia had made her escape with Julia, he behaved in such a manner that he soon recovered the affection of his weak mother. He learned, in the course of a few days, that Emilia was at Sollingen ; and therefore he importuned his mother to write to the major, and insist on her being sent home. Mrs. Halden was extremely averse to suffer herself to be persuaded to this step, but she was, obliged to comply, as Charles would not be at rest till he had gained his point.

Mrs. Halden wrote a letter to the major, couched in the harshest terms, and another to Emilia, filled with the bitterest threats. Emilia refused, in a respectful but resolute manner, to obey her mother's command. The major wrote as follows :

“ Charles, sister, is a swindler, a common robber, and an infamous crimp. He is a swindler, for he wished to betray his brother ; a common highwayman, for he carried off his

sister by force; and an infamous crimp, for he sold Seibold to the Austrians. Emilia shall not quit my house—You may summon me before a court of justice, if you please, and then I shall ask the judge whether I ought to give up a child into the hands of a mother, who loves her eldest son because he is a villain, and hates her other two children because they are good and virtuous. To be short, advise Charles not to appear before me or my old huffar. People shoot a wolf wherever they can find him; and Charles is worse than a wolf, he is a raging devil. I can tell you, for your comfort, that Hennig will return. He shall be made acquainted with the whole affair; and then he will find means to drive out the devil, that I'll engage for. Seibold, I trust in God's justice, will return also. If you and your son, Charles, do not fear men, tell him that he must one day die, and give an account of his actions before the judgment seat of God—I, Emilia, his brother, and

Seibold

Seibold will then stand by his side as his accusers; and you well know that before God flattery is of no avail.

“ I cannot write you any thing better. Tears stand in the eyes of all here. God grant that this epistle may produce a good effect !—Amen.

HALDEN.”

That which, according to the major's opinion, should have produced a happy effect, produced none at all; for Charles only laughed at the blunt honesty and goodness of heart which appeared in the style of the major's letter. The threat of his uncle, however, to shoot him as he would do a wolf, made, for that reason, more impression on his mind. Partly to avoid the danger, and partly that he might not be a witness of the triumph which his hated brother would enjoy over him when he returned, he resolved to travel for some time; and a few days after he set out from Moorberg, accompanied by his mother's best wishes, and bills of exchange to a con-

siderable amount, which he had received from his father.

Old faithful Hennig would certainly have marked the young courtier for his whole life, the first opportunity he could have found. As soon as he heard of the deception he had practised, he was filled with the most violent agitation, and declared, with a solemn oath, his aversion to Charles, and his resolution to revenge young Hennig the darling of his heart. He, therefore, never went abroad without his sabre by his side; and seemed much disappointed when he heard that Charles had set off on a journey. His resentment of course fell upon Selenberg; and he often spoke with much animation of the major's duty to call this satan to an account. Emilia now related Dorothy's history, with the latter part of which she was not acquainted, in a more circumstantial manner than when she arrived at Sollingen. The major contracted his brows into a frown; and when he was about to retire to bed, he said softly to
Hennig:

Hennig: To-morrow morning we will discuss an affair of honour, old man.

Now, God be praised ! replied Hennig. He then went below, and, having scoured the major's sabre, and cleaned and tried his pistols, laid himself quietly down to rest. The major did not repose so soundly. He again started up in bed ; and said to himself : Is what I am going to do right ? The almighty God knows that I have all my life-time hated duelling—for it is murder. But there are some villains whom it is impossible to reach in any other way than with the point of the sword. If I could bring him to justice by law, I would suffer my sabre to rust in the scabbard—But, gracious God ! to whom can a wretched father apply for redress when his daughter has been seduced by a villain ? To whom shall I complain that the wretch wished to render poor Hennig miserable ? We must exercise the sword of justice—The villain must not go unpunished—No—In that there is nothing wicked—Men ought to be righteous,

ous, as God is righteous. With these words he threw himself quietly again on his pillow, and in two minutes composed himself to rest.

Next morning he appeared with a cheerful countenance in the midst of his family, without ever reflecting that he, perhaps, saw them for the last time—so great was his confidence in the goodness of God. He stepped aside for a moment, unperceived, to a window with Hennig: Old man, said he, get ready the horses. He shall not die; but I'll mark him a little, in order that he may know that he has to do with men.

The horses were taken from the stable just as Louisa entered the court, and the servants all exclaimed: Here comes our young countess! Julia became a little pale, and embraced Emilia, who said: Be composed! Louisa will forgive you.

The major went to meet lady Louisa, who threw herself into his arms, exclaiming in a tone of tenderness: O! my father! my worthy father! Now I am again happy!

py! Halden is innocent. Ah! why did you not tell me sooner that he loved me so much—that he has been so unfortunate? I would have forgiven him long ago.—Old Hennig squeezed her hand and kissed it; and the major conducted her into the house. She did not yet rightly understand how matters stood, and had come over to Solingen, to procure farther information from Emilia. As soon as she entered the drawing-room, the first object that she beheld was Julia, and she immediately became pale. The major's lady hastened towards her on one side, and Emilia on the other, both overjoyed; but Louisa, in great perturbation, kept her eyes stedfastly fixed upon Julia.

Julia, however, at length approached her, and said with a soft voice: No—you cannot forgive me for

Yes—yes—cried Louisa. But is he innocent? Is he perfectly innocent? Has he still continued true?

I assure your ladyship, replied Julia, that
there

there is not a nobler, sincerer young man upon earth than Mr. Halden. He is perfectly innocent—perfectly.

But, returned Louisa, he considers himself as faithless! My God! how I have been imposed on—how deceived!

Julia now explained the whole affair in the fullest manner; and by these means rendered Louisa perfectly composed. She added also: His fidelity was so tender, that he considered the friendship which he owed to me to be improper. He never entertained any love for me, lady Louisa—never—that I can swear to you.

Louisa had still a hundred questions to ask, but Julia always answered abruptly; and never contradicted her, though she thought proper to give to many things a more favourable appearance than they really had; and the conversation closed by Louisa embracing Julia, and promising her forgiveness from her heart.

The major now took leave, without saying any thing of his intention, and mounted

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ed his horse. During the way he entered into a long conversation with his old friend on the lawfulness of duelling; and he repeated what ideas had occurred to him, on that subject, the preceding evening, before he fell asleep. Old Hennig found every thing he said perfectly right. What would be the consequence, said he, then, if examples were not sometimes made? Villains, in the end, would gain their point, and become masters of us all! No, we must for once take vengeance from the hands of the Almighty. He can be patient and compassionate with villains; but we, poor mortals, feel at last where the shoe pinches us.

This observation pleased the major, and he said, stopping his horse: Hem! you may be in the right, old man; but ought I, a poor worm, to be more impatient than God? If he chooses to suffer such men on the earth as Selenberg and his associates, why should I say any thing to the contrary?

No,

No, my worthy Hennig, we must first consider this matter thoroughly.

It has been already considered, major, replied Hennig—If men were as patient as God, we should, in the end, not be able to deliver ourselves from villains, thieves, and murderers. The business of punishment on earth he leaves to men—Let us ride on—God is along with us!

The major considered a few moments, and then said: Well, we will ride on—It is all right—Punishment, indeed, belongs properly to government, and not to any individual, however good he may be. But if government cannot or will not interfere, then, truly, the affair must be taken up by some man of worth. But, Hennig, the more I reflect on it—only in cases of the utmost necessity—mark that!—only in cases of the utmost necessity. And I hope, in God, that such is our case with Selenberg.

I hope so too, major, said Hennig—And you mean only to mark him, by way of giving

giving him a small memorandum for the future.

Yes, that I will, with the help of God !

No man ever rode out to fight a duel with such virtuous thoughts and so peaceful a breast as the major. He at length arrived near Selenberg's seat, and, having put up his horses at a neighbouring inn, repaired together with Hennig to a small birchen grove behind the garden of the castle. Go and call him, Hennig, said the major, and behave to him with great civility, that he may see we are not destitute of politeness.

Hennig walked with much gravity through the garden, towards the castle, and asked one of the servants if his master was at home.—I do not know, replied the servant, you must enquire of the valet. Where is the valet ? said Hennig.—What is it to me ? returned the man, and attempted to go. Hennig, however, laid hold of him by the collar, and asked him once more, with a loud threatening voice, Where is the valet ? At this horrid noise, which made
the

the very windows clatter, several more of the domestics appeared. I am the valet, said one of them.—Is your master at home? said Hennig in a serious tone.—Yes.—Well then, continued Hennig, I must speak to him.

Tell me, replied the valet, what you have to say—I can give you an answer; and at the same time surveyed old Hennig from top to toe. What I have to say to your master is not fit for you to know, replied Hennig—I must communicate it to nobody but himself.

The valet now went up stairs to his master, while Hennig, who followed slowly, having posted himself before the door of Selenberg's apartment, heard him say: Tell him I am not at home.—Selenberg, since the affair with Grell, had become exceedingly timid, and besides did not wish, at present, to be disturbed, as he had his friend Charles then with him.

Hennig immediately opened the door, and entered the room slowly and with great cere-

ceremony. Charles and Selenberg were frightened when they beheld him. I have two words to say to you alone, said Hennig. Charles made a movement towards the door, but Selenberg stopped him and said : Stay ! Mr. Halden, added he to Hennig, is my friend, and may hear every thing that concerns me.

Well, said Hennig, I shall not prevent him—But is the valet there your friend too ?

Impudent fellow ! cried Selenberg, because he considered what the old man said in earnest, to be only ridicule—Call the servants, whispered he to the valet—What does the fellow want ?

Sir, said Hennig, major Halden desired me to acquaint you that he wishes to speak a few words to you. He is in the birchen grove there behind the garden. I have orders from him to bring you along with me—You will therefore be so good—

Selenberg was thrown into great embarrassment, which he in vain sought to conceal.

ceal. I must confess, said he at length with a laugh, that your master is exceedingly polite, to send such a message to me by his groom—very polite indeed !

A groom ? Yes, I am so, returned Hennig ; but at the same time a man of honour ! and that is of more value than a privy counsellor, a profligate—

Selenberg here rang the bell, and a whole body of footmen immediately entered the room. What do you say, Charles ? cried Selenberg, while his eyes sparkled with rage—Turn that impudent fellow out of doors !

What ! exclaimed the old man with a thundering voice, turn me out of doors ! and, springing towards the window, clapped his hand to his face. Scoundrels ! keep at a distance, I advise you. I will leave the house of my own accord, when I have discharged my commission.—The domestics looked at the old man with terror, and none of them ventured to approach him.

The young courtier whispered to Selenberg :

berg: Don't meddle with the old fellow; when in a passion, he is a perfect devil!

Selenberg, who had no great inclination for fighting, stood staring with a ghastly and terrified countenance. Charles whispered him in the ear: Say a few kind words to the major, and act the penitent; you will then see that he will depart in peace.—Selenberg immediately said to Hennig: So—your master is in the birchen grove?—Well—I will go and speak to him—Come along.—The old man walked slowly behind Selenberg, who had laid hold of Charles's hand, and at every step became still more timid. Charles, by the way, wished to slip off; but Selenberg held him fast, and in this manner they at length arrived at the birchen grove.

The major was sitting on the trunk of a tree, resting his head on his hand, and still reflecting on the justice of what he was about to do. As soon, however, as he saw Selenberg and Charles, his dormant passion was awakened, and all his qualms vanished. He
started

started up suddenly ; laid his cap on the
 stump of the tree ; advanced towards the
 enemy, and, halting, looked at them for
 some time with a stern countenance. He
 then said, suppressing his agitation : Here
 I, an old fellow with gray hairs, am obliged
 to do a thing which I never did, even when
 a hot-headed young man—And you, Mr.
 Selenberg, are the cause of it—You intro-
 duced my nephew (not that profligate there)
 to a woman of the town, in order to make
 him unhappy :—You are the cause of Sei-
 bold's misfortunes ; of the tears of the
 countess of Espenbruch, and of Emilia's
 sufferings—You reduced to a state of mi-
 sery miss Grell, the daughter of an honest
 worthy man ; and have been the murderer
 of her mother—All these, you cannot deny,
 are the actions of a villain. Were there any
 tribunal before which I could call you to an
 account for these crimes, you should not see
 me here ; but, at present, an individual
 must come forward in this manner to punish
 you as you deserve. I now give you the
 choice

choice of Hennig's sabre or mine—(Hennig upon this produced his sabre)—And here are a pair of excellent pistols——(Hennig loaded and primed them.)

Selenberg became pale—but his confusion increased when Hennig said abruptly : If you will suffer yourself to be ruled by me, Mr. Selenberg, I would advise you to take the sabre. My master has no desire to lay you dead on the spot ; he intends only to give you a few marks by way of memorandum—And with pistols he is quite at home ; for no man at these weapons can cope with him. My master, indeed, means only to mark you : but two inches farther and there you will lie !

This assertion, made with every appearance of simplicity, threw Selenberg into the most dreadful terror, and he said trembling : Indeed, major Truly I do not know—but I have been thinking—just now, as I was coming along, in what manner I can make amends for the evil I have done. This miss Grell, whom you talk of, is my

wife; and I have caused my daughter to be legitimated. My pretensions to Emilia I have long since given up—I thought I should once more render myself worthy of your esteem—I thought so, indeed, and I did every thing in my power for that purpose.

What!—said the major with astonishment—miss Grell your wife?—miss Grell of Waldengrund—Is that true?

As true as God is in heaven, replied Selenberg; I can shew you the marriage certificate, and the permission of the prince to legitimate my daughter. You shall receive the most public proofs that I am beginning to make atonement for my past transgressions.

Well—we shall see that! Put up the sabre and pistols again, Hennig. If that be the case, God forbid that I should harbour resentment against a repenting sinner!—Come along.

Selenberg, happy at his deliverance, conducted the major into the house, and shewed

ed him the two documents above mentioned. That is all so far well, said the major; but let me rather see your wife and your daughter. Selenberg shrugged up his shoulders, and said with apparent sincerity: I married that I might make atonement for the injustice I had done; but I dare not hope for the happiness of getting my wife to live with me.—Why not, said the major?—Because she does not love me, replied Selenberg.

The major returned: Hem! we shall soon prove that—Do you write, once more, to your wife, and tell her she may come to live with you. I will write to her also; she knows my name well. And then send your carriage along with my old Hennig to Waldengrund. It can hardly be five miles from this. We shall then see whether the fault lies in you or your wife.

Selenberg was caught, and worse than ever. He, however, was in expectation of receiving the agreeable intelligence that death had delivered him from the terrible

Grell, who was lying dangerously ill; and he flattered himself with the hope of procuring a divorce from Dorothy. But the terrible major again appeared in idea before him, and threatened to tie the bonds still faster. Selenberg said so much in his own defence, but always with great humility, that the major's passion was not again inflamed. The latter thought no more of duelling. He took leave of Selenberg in a very friendly manner, and only gave him another hint to send for his wife as soon as possible. You know me, said he in an impressive tone—Do not lay me under the necessity of paying you a second visit.

Hennig was not altogether satisfied with the major's mildness. He said to himself, muttering, while he mounted his horse: Now the rascal has escaped. My master here has been guilty of another piece of folly.—That I have not, said the major—I have rather done a good action. Many things occurred to me which neither you
nor

nor I had before thought of. In the first place, Charles was there. Now, look ye, when I must take upon me the office of punishing, it must not be in his presence, for he is my brother's son, and Selenberg is a stranger. But tell me yourself: Could I with propriety draw my sword against Charles? If it is not right with a stranger, look ye, now it must be less so with a relation. And if Selenberg has married Grell's daughter—ought I to render her husband a cripple?—Yes, said Hennig, let those believe it who may—I do not! It is a necessary lie in him!—Here he began to enlarge upon the subject, till the major called out: We shall soon know what is the end of it. Let us ride over to Waldengrund. They immediately turned their horses, and in the evening arrived at Waldengrund. The major, as soon as he alighted, stepped into the house, and, as he found no one below, went up stairs without ceremony. Here he was met by Dorothy, who came out from one of the apartments with a pale counte-

nance, covered with tears, and wringing her hands. The major addressed her, and told her his name.

You are major Halden? said Dorothy, and a ray of joy immediately beamed from her eyes. She conducted him into the apartment where her father was lying in bed, just at the point of death. Here is major Halden, said Dorothy, and her father stretched out his feeble, languid arms towards him. Now, said he with a tremulous voice and faltering accents, I shall quit the world happy. Protect my daughter from Selenberg—This is the last request of a dying man.

The major gave Grell his hand, and promised, with a solemn oath, to comply with his request. Dorothy was now desired to relate the history of her marriage, as her father was so weak that he was not in a condition to do it himself. The major then said: Perhaps he is willing to acknowledge you as his wife. Let the event be as it may, I will take you and your daughter
along

along with me, and defend your right against the whole world. This assurance repeated, restored the dying man once more to peace. He stretched out his hand to the major, cast a look of gratitude towards him——and expired.

The major could not leave Dorothy, who now stood so much in need of consolation. He remained with her till the body was interred, and then proposed to her to go along with him to Sollingen. She accepted this proposal the more readily, as she had so great reason to apprehend persecution from Selenberg. A chaise was hired in the next town; Dorothy gave a great many things, which she could not carry with her, to the family of one of the colliers, to keep till she should call for them; distributed others in presents, and set out with her daughter in the carriage.

The major had already often asked her if she could not resolve to live with Selenberg. It is your duty, said he, both as a wife and as a mother. Dorothy, however,

could make no other reply than that it was impossible. Now, truly, said he, we must first see what Selenberg thinks. He ought to entreat you, and not you him.

The major, unknown to Dorothy, drove over to Selenberg's seat, which was not far out of the way ; but having learned that the president was gone to the capital, he resolved to follow him thither. He arrived there on the evening of the second day, and, having enquired for Selenberg, found that he was to set off next morning with the court for one of the prince's country-seats. Well, then, said he to Dorothy, you must put on the best dress that you have got in your possession. Dorothy, who imagined that she was going to pay a visit to her uncle, the old page, selected a dress which was extremely simple, but not altogether unfashionable, as she had made it from one worn by Emilia at Waldengrund. When she had seated herself in the carriage, the major took her daughter on his knee, caressed the child, and said : You must as-
sume

sume a bold look, Dorothy, for we are going to visit Selenberg!—Dorothy seemed alarmed; but the major assured her with so much tenderness of his protection, that she became easier, and said in a resolute tone: Yes—I will shew him his daughter. He is her father and my husband.

That is right, my dear girl, said the major—that is right.—And you, little one, continued he to the child, do you know your father?—O! yes, said the child,—Well, then, added the major, when we come into the room you must run up to him, call out: Dear father, and fall down on your knees before him.—Here the major gave the child some farther instructions how to behave, and with conversation of this kind they arrived at the president's house. Selenberg had set out for the capital, just as the major drove up to his country seat. He thought it necessary, before he could get himself divorced from Dorothy, to know how far the prince would interest himself in the business; and he was

much afraid that he could not accomplish his end without having recourse to secret means. As soon as he arrived he paid visits to all his acquaintance, who were much astonished, when they wished him joy of his marriage with a significant laugh, to see him receive their compliments with a laugh still more significant. The whole court were lost in conjectures. Even the prince himself did not know what to make of Selenberg, as he appeared perfectly easy, and pretended that his absence from court had been owing to some business which had detained him on his estates. He was, however, very glad to see the president returned, as he was a man indispensibly necessary to him, on account of his great talents for inventing and arranging new pleasures.

In a word, no one knew, with any degree of certainty, how matters stood in regard to Selenberg's marriage. When the direct question was asked him, he would say laughing: If I only durst speak, I would put the

the court in good humour for a whole month—You will all laugh, and, I engage for it, not at my expence.—But where is your spouse? said they.—My spouse? replied Selenberg; that is a very ridiculous question—Here, there, and every where—and my daughter also—Have you not heard of my daughter? You soon will, however, for she acts a principal part in the farce.

Before three days every one began to say: Selenberg is certainly not married, and in the end he will laugh at us all. That, indeed, was Selenberg's chief aim. For fear of the major, he did not altogether deny his marriage; yet he was unwilling to acknowledge it; and he entertained a hope that some accident or other would free him from his wife, without exposing him to any blame. In a little time his behaviour to the whole court was just the same as it had been before; and the very evening on which the major arrived in town with Dorothy and her daughter, he gave a *fête*, at

which the prince and the princess were to be present.

As soon as the major and his two companions alighted from the carriage, they were received by one of the footmen, who conducted them into the house. Another of the footmen, who was standing before the door of the hall, was much surprised at the plain, simple dress of the ladies, who did not look as if they belonged to the company invited; but as they were attended by an officer, who wore the insignia of a military order, he opened the door.

The major was so struck by the number of persons in the hall, and the brilliancy of the lights, that he was almost on the point of returning; but he had proceeded too far to go back. As soon as he entered, such of the company as were nearest to him fixed their eyes on the two ladies who were dressed in so simple a manner. Who comes there? said the prince, who, at the first glance, had seen the ladies only, without observing

observing the major. Selenberg, who was a little short sighted, advanced towards the strangers, and, that moment, just as he recognized Dorothy, little Sophia fell down on her knees, and exclaimed aloud: My dear father, have pity on your daughter! The whole company immediately formed themselves into a circle around Selenberg. Wretched creature! cried Selenberg in a violent fury, and pushing the child from him; but having cast his eye on the major, he assumed an air of pity, and remained motionless like a statue. His hands, with which he had attempted to push away the child, were now raised up; and his pale countenance, which was turned towards the major, betrayed evident marks of shame, terror, and dismay. The major, overcome by the sight of such a numerous company, and the magnificence of the dresses, soon wished to be gone, and would certainly have retired had Selenberg given him the least hint for that purpose; but the expression, Wretched creature! made

made him forget his bashfulness, and roused his indignation.—Wretched creature! repeated he, advancing a step nearer to Selenberg—Yes, God knows, a very wretched creature, whose father is a savage!—The prince approached, and the major said: I hope your highness will forgive me—Had I known that there were to be company here to-night, I would have deferred my visit till another day. But, since I have intruded, I cannot hear with indifference a father call his daughter a wretched creature.

The prince laughed, and was silent. The general embarrassment increased every minute, and no one knew what to say or to do. It was difficult to behold such a scene without emotions either of anger or compassion; but Selenberg became totally confounded, stood as if in a state of despair, without daring to raise his eyes from the floor. Dorothy, quite pale, and in violent agitation, moved with her daughter towards the door, and had still presence of mind enough to think of retiring. But

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the major was in such a passion that he would have soon roused the company from their silence, had he not been restrained by the idea that he might by these means do injury to Dorothy's cause.

The prince, after a little consideration, said : My dear major Halden, the ladies must be in need of repose. Perhaps you have only just now arrived in town.—Now, Selenberg, continued he laughing, you certainly did not expect to be surprised in this manner. Go quickly and shew your guests into an apartment where they may refresh themselves. But make haste ! I will wait a quarter of an hour before we sit down to cards.

This hint brought Selenberg to himself again. He offered his arm to Dorothy, made a low bow, and handed her into a neighbouring apartment. Dorothy accompanied him as if it were mechanically, and the major followed slowly and with a bashful look.

Selenberg, as if in despair, threw himself

self on a sofa and exclaimed: I could almost run mad!—Run mad? said the major, who had just fallen again into a fit of musing, Come, my dear girl! come, thou innocent deserted child, added he, I will protect you—Let us leave that villainous wretch to his own conscience.

Selenberg started up in a violent rage, exclaiming: Major, I will not suffer myself to be abused in my own house! I demand satisfaction. Yes, I hate these disgusting creatures, and you also. You have wounded my honour. To-morrow morning we shall see each other again.

Yes—to-morrow morning, replied the major, and then I will teach you to tremble when you see death staring you in the face. To-morrow, you shall stand on the brink of eternity—before the judgment-seat of the Almighty!—He then hurried Dorothy and her daughter from the room; handed them into the carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive home.

Selenberg walked backwards and forwards

with slow steps for a considerable time. At this moment he was so heated by passion that he had courage to laugh at the veteran's threats ; and this temper gave him resolution enough to return to the company pretty well composed. They all sat down to cards, after which they supped, and separated without any observations being made on the singular scene which had taken place.

When Selenberg came to reflect seriously upon this event, his shame and anger against the major still fanned his courage ; but next morning he became pale when the idea of the terrible major occurred to him just as he awoke. He beheld him, in imagination, standing before him with flaming eyes and his drawn sabre, just like the angel of death. For the first time in his life he cursed diffipation, and trembled when he thought of the consequences. He began to devise by what means he might avoid a duel, and was almost resolved to make Dorothy mediator ; but as he was wavering in a state of suspense
the

the door flew open, and the major completely armed entered the room.

Selenberg endeavoured to pluck up courage, entered into conversation with the major, ordered breakfast, and apologized for his behaviour the preceding evening by ascribing it to the warmth of his temper. The major made no reply, but only said, now and then : It is late, Mr. Selenberg—will you not dress yourself? I make it a point to dispatch business of importance as early as possible. Selenberg dressed himself slowly, and at the same time began a dissertation on the madness of duelling; but he, at length, observed that the major paid no attention to him.

He at last got himself ready, though he had delayed as long as he possibly could. The major then stood up, took up his cap, and walked out. Selenberg followed him with slow steps, and said : I must first order my horse to be saddled.—That is already done, replied the major; your horse has
been

been waiting for you this hour. The major then rode along with Selenberg to a wood at some distance, and, having dismounted, nodded to Hennig to hold his horse. Gracious God ! exclaimed he—here am I—Forgive a worm for assuming the sword of thy justice (he drew his sabre)—I however must. A man who could so shamefully debauch so worthy a young woman, and murder her parents, and who besides disowns her poor innocent child, does not deserve to exist on the earth—I recommend his soul to thy mercy !

Selenberg now felt as if he had been about to kneel down in order to have his head struck off. He became, however, still paler when the major asked : Will you not be pleased to alight ? Hennig had compassion on Selenberg's distress, and said : Major, you must first let the president recover himself a little. He already looks as if he were lying there on the spot ! A child, at present, might give him the *coup de grace*.—Well, I have still time, replied the major, who could not help

help being touched by pity also. Selenberg at last alighted, but with sensations as if just about to enter into eternity.

“O God! said the major, looking towards heaven, thy eye beholds us. Be merciful to a sinner. At these terrible words Selenberg was as it were annihilated. He laid his hand on his forehead, which was covered with a cold sweat, and staggered. You wish for my life, said he at length with a tremulous voice. But why should you do so, when I am ready to make reparation as far as I can? Ask, major—I will do whatever you desire. Yes, I will acknowledge Dorothy as my wife, and the child as my daughter.

The major looked at him for a long time with a serious air, and at last said: Well, be it so! I did not come hither to revenge any injury of my own, but to defend your wife and your daughter. But if ever I stand before you a third time (here he raised his sabre) no entreaties can save you.—You agree then to acknowledge your wife and your daughter?

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That I will, replied Selenberg, in as solemn a manner as you please—even in the presence of the court if it must be so.—What court ? returned the major. What has the court to do with the business ? You must allow your wife and your daughter a sufficient income—for example, the small estate in the Mark.

Selenberg readily agreed, and rode back to town much easier. By the way he requested the major to bring his wife and daughter with him to dinner ; and as he had now recovered from his terror, he behaved to Dorothy with the politeness of a courtier who accommodates himself to his fate, and appears to do voluntarily what he is forced to do. He took his daughter several times in his arms, and caressed her. After dinner he made a formal resignation of the estate in the Mark. Dorothy knew nothing of the scene which had taken place in the morning, and therefore Selenberg's conduct seemed so noble that she was not able to reproach him, and during the whole transaction remained silent, while the tears were ready to start from her eyes.

Selenberg

Selenberg now actually felt, for her and her daughter, a sort of affection which alleviated in some measure the pain arising from his vexation. Towards evening, when they both wished to depart with the major, he had not the courage to desire his wife to remain. The company separated under some embarrassment, but with civility; and early next morning the major and Mrs. Selenberg set off for Sollingen, which he beheld again with new pleasure.

The joy which prevailed there continued to increase, and the major's hope of soon seeing Hennig and Seibold return became every day stronger. Take notice, said he with a cheerful look, we shall still all yet be happy, and Emilia also.

When the major paid a visit at Ransleben he said to the count: Is it not true, count, that my worthy Hennig is to have your daughter? The count did not positively say either Yes or No, and therefore Louisa made herself happy by indulging the sweetest hope. Her joy, however, was still farther increased
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by receiving certain intelligence that Charles and Selenberg had set out on a journey together, and would not soon return. Selenberg, immediately after his last affair with the major, had requested leave of absence in order to avoid the sneers and laughter which he dreaded at court, and had hastened to his friend Charles. Emilia and Julia had then no longer cause to tremble through dread of him, as they had hitherto done, though the major often assured them that they had nothing to fear.

Louisa wrote to Hennig, and with the tenderest expressions of affection requested him to return. This letter the Russian envoy in the capital promised to get safely conveyed to him.

Emilia was the only person belonging to the family at Sollingen who still continued unhappy; for notwithstanding all the enquiry made, no one could give any intelligence of Seibold. Even the major himself began to be afraid of some misfortune, for, said he to old Hennig, he would have written—The
major

major here meant to have added, were he still alive; but his words were interrupted by a deep sigh.

Seibold immediately after his misfortune had been obliged to march into Hungary, where he was too narrowly watched to have it in his power to write. Care and vexation threw him into a fit of illness, and with other invalids he, at length, reached the borders of Turkey. Here he joined the army, and by his talents procured the respect of his commanding officer, who soon appointed him to be a subaltern, and at the same time gave him hopes of farther promotion. He was not particularly distinguished for his bravery; but he was not a coward, and on account of his cool resolution might be employed upon all occasions.

In the course of the campaign a small body of Russians and Austrians were to be sent together on an expedition to Munkatsch. The regiment to which Seibold belonged being chosen for this service, marched over the mountains to the banks of the Niester, where
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the advanced posts were stationed, to guard against the sudden attacks of the Turkish light troops. One day all the Russian outposts were attacked in the woods along the banks of the river, which occasioned a general alarm. The Austrian commander immediately dispatched thither some volunteers, one of whom was Seibold. The Russians were already flying, and the Turks in full pursuit; but the contest was renewed in proportion as the Austrians advanced. The Turks, however, were too numerous; and on their light active horses surrounded the enemy on all sides. The combatants therefore were obliged to divide themselves into several small bodies. Seibold with a few soldiers threw himself into the thickest of the woods, that he might attack the enemy in the rear. In a little time he saw two Turks engaged with a Russian officer, who being already wounded made only a feeble resistance. Seibold flew to his relief, but was not followed by his men, who were attacked by the enemy themselves. Seibold, however, dis-

charged his piece ; the two Turks retreated ; and just at that moment the Russian officer, quite exhausted, dropped from his horse.

Seibold now heard on all sides the horrid war-yell of the Turks, and a voice near him calling out : Retreat ! retreat ! we are lost ! He then wished to force his way again into the wood ; but he observed that the Russian officer made a movement and emitted a sigh. He, therefore, ran forwards, took him, and poured a little brandy from his side-flask down his throat. The officer at length opened his eyes. Seibold made signs to him that he might be saved ; and as the officer had raised himself up with some difficulty, Seibold conducted him into the thickest of the wood, and made him sit down at the root of a tree. He then lopped off some branches with his sabre, that he might better conceal the spot where the officer was lying ; and as often as he was alarmed by the noise of men approaching, he himself retired back among the bushes.

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The noise at length became gradually more remote till it seemed entirely lost. Seibold then returned to the Russian officer, who was sitting pale and covered with blood, and gave him to understand by signs that he would bind up his wounds, one of which was a cut in the head, and the other in the upper part of the arm. The Russian squeezed the hand of his deliverer, and sunk exhausted into sleep.

Seibold found on the field of battle the sash, turban, and mantle of a Turk who had been killed, all which he brought to the Russian, in order to cover him, as it was now evening. In the night-time Seibold explored the whole neighbourhood, to see whether he could find any Russian or Austrian posts; but he perceived only Turks at a distance, and returned, almost without hopes, to his Russian, who was still lying in a sound sleep. The Russian having at length awaked, Seibold took it into his head to speak French to him, and, to his great surprise, received an answer in

the same language. He, however, soon broke off the conversation, lest it might too much fatigue the wounded man.

They ate some of the bread which Seibold still had remaining, and resolved to continue here the whole day, and the following night to proceed along the banks of the Niester, which would necessarily conduct them to Czerwonogrod. During the day they kept themselves perfectly quiet, and fed on a few roots which Seibold had found. Towards night they proceeded along the banks of the river, through marshes and thick woods, while the Russian leaned upon Seibold, who with the greatest patience overcame every obstacle, cut down the thorns that stood in their way, and, from time to time, sought out a resting-place where his invalid could sit down.

Next morning Seibold reconnoitered the neighbourhood, and found every thing safe. He then endeavoured to get to some place where they could procure provisions. Having gone out alone, he at length arrived at

the hut of a Pole or Moldavian; for the dress of the inhabitants of this district was a mixture of that of both these nations. This man went along with Seibold, and helped him to convey the Russian to his cottage. He received the stranger with great hospitality, shared with him a little dried fish, which was all the provision he had, and caused his daughter to prepare for him a bed of leaves. Seibold having given him to understand that his companion was wounded, the man crossed himself, and invoked the name of the Virgin Mary, to shew that he was a Christian, and would give him assistance.

This, indeed, was exceedingly necessary; for the Russian was so exhausted by the badness of the road, that he found himself in a violent fever before he lay down on the bed which had been prepared for him. As Seibold now wished to bind up his wounds properly, the girl looked at him with compassion and astonishment; signified to him to wait a little, and then ran out of the

hut. In a quarter of an hour she returned with a handful of herbs and roots, part of which she chewed for the purpose of applying them to the officer's wounds. Seibold hesitated whether he should permit her; but the old man crossed himself several times, and, taking up an axe, made a movement with it, as if he had been cutting wood, and then pointed with an air of triumph to his daughter. Seibold readily comprehended that the man meant to inform him that he had once cut his leg, and that the wound had been healed by his daughter; but he still shook his head. The girl now threw herself down before the officer, spoke with great vehemence, and laid her hand upon her breast as if uttering an affirmation.

The Russian, at length, said to Seibold: Suffer the girl to have her way. She then washed one of the wounds, and applied to it a fomentation of roots and herbs. As the invalid gave her to understand that it cooled the wound, she danced around him,

him, and kissed his hands. She next treated the wound in the head in the like manner; but she first made a hole in the roof, to admit a little light into the dark hut, or rather to throw it on the invalid's bed; and her father desired her to cut off as much of his hair around the wound as might be necessary.

The girl now went out to procure some water, in order to wash the blood from her patient's face; and in the mean time the latter wrote something in his memorandum book, handed it to Seibold, and said still in French, but with a feeble voice: Should I die, be so kind as to execute what I have here requested. Seibold promised to comply with his desire, and retired as soon as the girl returned, because he was unable any longer to suppress the tear of compassion which was ready to burst from his eyes. In a little time after he looked at the address which the Russian had given him, and became pale when he read: *A monsieur le major de Halden, à Sollingen près de ———.*

He now recognised 'also the hand. It would almost be impossible for words to describe the mixed sensation which he felt of joy and pain. It was Hennig whom he had saved—it was Hennig whom providence had thrown under his protection in this remote land.—He sunk down on his knees, sobbing aloud, and his hands trembled so that he could scarcely hold the memorandum-book. At last, when he was attempting to return to the hut, the girl came out and made a sign to him to be still, as her patient was asleep.

Seibold, in the transport of his joy, pressed the girl to his breast, and exclaimed: It is Hennig—it is my friend, my dearest friend! Here!—look!—and he presented the memorandum-book to the girl.—But she only laid her hand upon his mouth; pointed to the hut, and closed her eyes.

Seibold at length recovered from his transport, and read with a mixture of pleasure and pain a letter which Hennig had some time before written to his uncle, and to
which

which he had now added a few lines with a pencil. In these lines he took leave of his uncle ; recommended to him his deliverer, the noble Hungarian ; and bade an eternal adieu to Louisa. Seibold with uplifted hands thanked heaven that accident had conducted him to that distant land ; and the girl, on seeing Seibold behave so, fell down on her knees and prayed.

Seibold reflected that he could not yet venture to tell Hennig who he was, lest the excess of his joy might be prejudicial to him. He soon conceived how it happened that they did not recognize each other sooner. Hennig's face was covered with blood ; and Seibold himself, by the fatigues of the campaign, had become thin, and of a darker complexion. Their dress, and the distance they were at from their own country, contributed also to make them appear strangers to each other ; and even if they had found some obscure similarity in voices already known to them—how was it possible to imagine that Hennig was among the

H 5 Russians,

Russians, and Seibold among the Austrians? Besides, ever since their meeting they had spoken only a few words, and these in a foreign language.

Seibold now crept softly through the low door into the hut, and enlarged the opening in the roof that he might have a better view of his friend Hennig. As his face was no longer covered with blood, he recognized his features. He threw himself down gently on the bed, and could with difficulty suppress his sobs. The girl cast her eyes towards him with an affecting look; she laid her hand on his shoulder, and seemed as if desirous to ask why he was so much interested in the welfare of the youth. Seibold first pointed to Hennig, then to his own heart, and pressed his hands together as if he had been embracing him. The girl made various movements expressive of joy, as if she had understood him. Her father having entered at this moment, she pointed to him with tears in her eyes; laid her father's hand on her head, and then pointed

pointed to Seibold and Hennig as if she meant to ask : Are you his father ? When Seibold nodded the girl spoke to the old man with great emotion, and probably told him that the father had again found his son who had been lost. She then left them abruptly, and after some time returned, greatly overjoyed, with fruit, flowers, and a hare which she had shot. She dressed the hare, and brought milk from a cow which belonged to her father; and, in a word, made preparations to celebrate this happy meeting by a little festival.

Seibold soon comprehended what the good-hearted girl meant, for she began to dress herself; and in order to shew his thankfulness, he gave her a few pieces of money, a comb, a knife, and a pair of scissors, which he had about him. O my God ! thought he with a heaven-directed look, even in the most barren wilds there are people who know and honour thy laws ! At length Hennig opened his eyes. Seibold

immediately turned round, and the girl, kneeling down by Hennig, seemed endeavouring to make him comprehend that his father was present. She pulled Seibold towards him; became angry when he still continued to turn aside his face, and gave him back his presents. Seibold forced her to take them again, and said to her, in German: My dear worthy girl!—Hennig instantly turned round his head and exclaimed: You speak German?—Seibold replied in the affirmative.—O God! what joy!—cried Hennig, and his pale cheeks assumed for a moment their usual ruddy colour. I am a German also, added he, stretching out his hand to Seibold with a tender movement. O my deliverer! my benefactor! Seibold turned aside to conceal how much he was affected; but the girl forced him to turn towards Hennig, and seemed as if desiring him to tell at length who he was. Hennig looked at his deliverer with astonishment, and stretched both his arms towards him. Seibold could withstand

withstand no longer. He threw himself into the arms of his friend, and, forgetting himself, exclaimed : O thou dear youth !—Seibold ! Seibold ! cried Hennig, who instantly recognized him by these words. Hennig attempted to start up ; but he sunk back pale upon the bed, while tears of joy gushed from his eyes, which were stedfastly fixed upon Seibold. His face gradually recovered its usual colour, and his muscles so much strength, that he was able to stand upright. Seibold clasped him in his arms, and pressed him to his heart. They mingled their tears together, and the only expressions which escaped their lips were those of joy and friendship. The girl was so affected, that she capered round them as if in an ecstasy, and the old man beheld this scene with looks of great satisfaction.

Hennig's joy, instead of being prejudicial, inspired him with new strength. He leaned against the wall ; and both then related their adventures, which excited mutual tears. Next day Seibold began to
recon-

reconnoitre the neighbourhood in order to discover whether they were in a place of safety. Peace and tranquillity every where prevailed ; and in the whole barren waste by which they were surrounded, neither friends nor enemies were to be seen. Seibold resolved, therefore, to remain here until his companion's health should be restored.

One day the old man returned home, and his two guests plainly saw by his looks that he had some important intelligence to communicate. Seibold already believed that the enemy were approaching ; but he was soon undeceived by the girl, who fell upon means to explain what her father meant. She put upon the old man Hennig's Russian gorget and Seibold's cap with the Austrian cypher, so that he now represented, as might be easily comprehended, the two Christian powers. — She herself then put on the turban which Seibold had found in the field of battle, and engaged for some time in a sham fight with her father. At last, both of them having sheathed their sabres
and

and shaken hands, Seibold and Hennig understood, what was of very great importance to them, that peace was concluded between the belligerent powers. Nothing, therefore, now prevented them from returning except Hennig's wounds; but the girl's herbs were of the utmost service to him, and in a few weeks he was perfectly cured.

Seibold and Hennig were greatly embarrassed, as they did not know in what manner they should reward their host and his daughter for their important services. Both gave themselves much trouble in endeavouring to make them comprehend that they wished they would go along with them to Germany: but their attempts were fruitless. They at last inquired whether there was not a village in the neighbourhood; and the father having answered in the affirmative, they requested the father and daughter to accompany them thither. In a few hours they reached the village, and to their great joy found there a Jew who understood enough of German to serve them as an interpreter.

terpreter. Hennig then proposed to his host, through the medium of the Jew, that he and his daughter should go with them to Germany, where he would take care to provide for them in a comfortable manner.

A very affecting scene now took place. The girl spoke to the Jew with great emotion, and the latter said, laughing, that she wished both the Gentlemen to stay in her father's hut, and that she would fish and hunt for them, and do what she could to procure them every convenience. Hennig and Seibold were obliged to refuse this friendly offer; but they clasped the good-hearted girl in their arms, and with tears and kisses returned her the most sincere thanks. — They then caused the Jew to ask the old man what they could do for him; and he replied: You must sometimes think of us. They no longer had occasion to perplex themselves in what manner they should reward their generous host and his daughter. The Jew, who was better acquainted with the wants of these children of nature, soon freed

freed them from their difficulty. A few *louis d'or*, said he, will be sufficient to make these people rich and happy. The money was immediately put into his hands, and he purchased with it in the village a milch-cow, a saw, a hatchet, and a few other necessary household utensils.

As he dealt in old clothes and various articles of dress, Hennig purchased his whole stock, and presented it to his benefactors. He then made the Jew give him some ducats, in exchange for larger pieces of money; punched holes in them, strung them upon a piece of lace from his uniform, and hung them round the neck of the girl, who danced and capered for joy. The Jew then said to Seibold and Hennig, that they had rendered the girl completely happy, as she could now marry a young man in the village who was her sweetheart.

This scene attracted a crowd of people, and among the rest the girl's sweetheart. As soon as she saw him, she ran towards him; shewed him the string of ducats, the cow, the

the saw, the axe, with the different articles of dress; and the agreement was concluded in a moment. The girl threw herself into her lover's arms, and then into those of Seibold and Hennig. After having with difficulty torn themselves from the embrace of this good-hearted contented child of nature, they proceeded towards Halicz, along with the Jew, who confirmed the news respecting peace. The Jew, who for thirty years had carried on trade in that neighbourhood, and who was acquainted with all the roads, conducted them over the sources of the Weichsel to Cracau; and they every where found the same hospitality as in the hut of the old man.

When they arrived at Cracau, Hennig wrote to the colonel of the Russian regiment in which he had served, requesting leave to resign, and purchased plain clothes for himself and for Seibold. They then proceeded to Neiss, and from thence towards Dresden. As they were patiently waiting after breakfast for horses at the next stage to the latter city,
a post-

a post-carriage from Dresden drove up to the door of the inn, and two travellers alighted from it. One of them—it was Selenberg—as soon as he entered the room saluted the two strangers without recognizing them. The other—Charles—remained conversing with the landlord at the door. Selenberg, turning round, said : Halden, we have staid long enough at Dresden—Let us now push straight for Vienna ! you will see how happy we shall be in that capital—The peace must bring Seibold again upon us !

It will not, replied Charles with a sneering laugh—But it will ! exclaimed Hennig starting up—It will, for there he sits !—Charles now recognized his brother, and turned pale with fear. Selenberg was terrified also ; but he soon recovered himself. Welcome to Germany ! Mr. Halden, said Selenberg—Welcome ! repeated Charles in a soft tone.—I request you, said Seibold to his friend, in a whisper—I request you will be composed ; and Hennig again sat down at the table : May I ask one question,

said

said Hennig, who had not received a single letter from Sollingen : Is my uncle alive ?—Yes, replied Charles.—And Emilia ? (Seibold blushed)—She is at Sollingen, said Charles peevishly—And lady Louisa ? asked Hennig, trembling—I have not seen her for a long time, returned Charles—I do not know, said Hennig, what your views may be ; but I beg you will answer me plainly : is she married ? Charles replied with a dismal malicious look : I cannot, indeed, positively tell. As far as I know, her wedding day was settled some time before my departure.

Hennig became pale, and fixed his eyes on his brother with a melancholy air. He then turred towards Seibold, and threw himself trembling into his arms. Charles laughed ; but the tortures of hell raged in his breast, and he was soon obliged to cast his eyes towards the ground. Seibold, looking stedfastly at him, said : But though it was fixed, it has not yet, perhaps, taken place ?—Is it a falsehood, Charles ? cried Hennig. You pour a deadly poison into my soul——But
if

if it be a falsehood, for heaven's sake say so at once !

You will find, on your return, replied Charles, that I have told you truth—The day was fixed for the wedding when I departed.

Oh ! exclaimed Hennig, in great distress, I wish I were in our hut on the banks of the Niester ! We wanted nothing there that nature could require—And the people there had hearts ! They had hearts ! During this apostrophe, Charles walked out and urged the post-master to procure them horses. The idea of the good fortune which awaited his brother excited in his breast the most poignant torture. He felt (and this was the punishment of his shameful behaviour) that with all his hatred and all his villainy he had served only to increase his brother's happiness. He beheld in imagination the moment when Seibold and Hennig would forget all their misfortunes, the one in Emilia's and the other in Louisa's arms. He began, therefore, to think of some means to destroy
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this happiness once more ; but he saw no hope of his being likely to succeed. He stepped into the carriage uttering secret imprecations against Selenberg and himself ; and it was a long time before he could recover his former tranquillity.

Soon after, the other two travellers departed also : Hennig rejected as mere empty dreams all the hopes with which Seibold endeavoured to inspire him, and in the most melancholy state of mind approached that spot, once so happy, which now seemed incapable of affording him any joy.

At the same time the family at Moorberg did not find themselves much happier. The Russian envoy in the capital had received from the general to whom he had recommended Hennig a letter informing him that young Halden was in all probability killed. " His body," added the general, has not been found ; but, considering the bloodthirsty nature of the Turks, no hopes can be entertained of his being a prisoner." The envoy communicated this melancholy intelligence

ligence to the chamberlain; but, that he might not annihilate all his hopes at once, observed that his son perhaps was only a prisoner.

The chamberlain shook his head when he read this letter; gave it to his wife, and retired to his own apartment, that he might pay the secret tribute of a few tears to the memory of his worthy but unfortunate son. Thou art gone!—Poor Hennig! said he, in a lamentable tone—I never hated thee, my dear boy! It was thy mother only who hated thee; and thou wast better than thy brother. Ah! In the next world thy mother will not prevent me from calling thee son; from pressing thee to my breast, and telling thee that I am thy father. Worthy Hennig, I have had as few and fewer happy days than thou; for thou wast beloved by thy uncle, my honest brother—But who has loved me?—I wish to God I were along with thee in the bosom of the grave! I am as great a burthen to them as thou wast, Hennig!—In this manner did
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the chamberlain lament in private the loss of his unfortunate son; but he wiped his eyes and went to feed his canary birds, as as soon as he heard the sound of his wife's feet in the passage.

On this occasion the chamberlain's breast was a prey to a strange mixture of sensations. What he felt could not properly be called compassion or even sorrow: it was rather a kind of anguish, and painful consciousness of his having been accessory to Hennig's death, that compelled him to shed tears—But what means have not men devised to destroy their moral sensations! Mrs. Halden experienced the stings of conscience, but she allayed them with this exclamation: He deserved no tears though he was my child! She called her pain grief; the consciousness of her guilt compassion, and at the same time entertained this inhuman wish: I hope he is not a prisoner, otherwise he may return!

When the chamberlain heard the lamentable exclamation, Poor Hennig! he
turned

turned round from his canary birds, and looked at his wife to see whether her complaints were real. Mrs. Halden then said : O how cold and unfeeling you are in every thing ! Were Charles even to be snatched from us, I believe you would not say a word.

Ah, my dear ! replied the chamberlain, and he was unable to check the tears which started from his eyes, may I dare then to express my sorrow for the loss of my worthy, innocent son ? God grant that what the envoy writes may be true—that he is, perhaps, a prisoner !—O if he would return, we will receive him with joy ! and the injustice we have done him——

Injustice ! exclaimed Mrs. Halden. What a foolish expression ! Could we behave to him better ? Why did he run away to expose himself to the Turks ? He is dead, that you will find ! And if he should return We can lament for him at present ; but if he should return No, he will not return, that you may rely on.

The chamberlain turned round, folded his hands together, and was silent. I wonder, resumed Mrs. Halden, what the foolish lady Louisa will say when she hears this: I hope she will now think of Charles. Do they not know it at Sollingen?—But, my dear, as the major meant to give Hennig a child's portion . . . cannot we now claim that as Hennig's heirs?—Yes, if Charles were dead, the major would laugh.

He certainly would do no such thing, replied the chamberlain: I know my brother well. He is at present grieved, and so am I. Ah! my dear, he was our son, and not the major's.

Mrs. Halden cast her eyes towards her husband with a look of sullen displeasure: Your brother may cry or laugh as he pleases, said she, it is to me all the same; but you ought not to take his part, for he does not deserve it.

As Mrs. Halden now wished to find some opportunity of sending to Ransleben as soon as possible an account of Hennig's death,

death, she learned, to her great joy, that a countryman from that place was then at Moorberg, and would return thither again the same evening. She therefore dispatched one of the footmen, that moment, in order to communicate to the peasant, as he passed, a circumstantial account of the whole affair.

Early in the morning the old cousin went to Louisa's apartment, and, hemming several times, attempted to speak; but could not give utterance to a single word. She hemmed again, and stared at Louisa with great earnestness. What is the matter then—cried Louisa standing up with tolerable composure, for since the arrival of intelligence that peace was concluded a part of her distress respecting her beloved Hennig had vanished—What is the matter then, dear cousin?

I have something to tell you, replied the old lady with a melancholy air; but you must first promise to be composed—In a moment Louisa's countenance became as

pale as death;—she staggered, and sent forth a dreadful scream. The old lady screamed also, and then said: My God! Pluck up your courage, dear child!—O! what is it?—what is it?—cried Louisa, throwing her trembling arms around the old lady's neck.—If you will not be quiet, returned the old lady in a tone still more dismal, I will tell you nothing.—I will be quiet, cried Louisa; and, wringing her hands, she threw herself on a chair—Now!—

There is a report—said the old lady—but it is only a report, though it still may be true, for every body speaks of it—O! for God's sake, cried Louisa, what is it? tell me!—Is he dead?—Ah! Halden is dead!

Such an effect the old lady had not suspected; she stood motionless, pale as death, and began to repent having proceeded so far. Louisa laid her hand on her forehead, and with a painful scream sunk down senseless. The old lady rung the bell

bell with great violence, which brought up the waiting-maid, who screamed out also so loud that she alarmed the count, who ran to see what was the matter. When he arrived, he found the old lady wringing her hands, and exclaiming: Halden is dead, and Louisa is dying also! She then told the count that Halden's parents had received a letter from the Russian envoy, in which he gave them an account of Hennig's death. Louisa, who had by this time recovered, heard these unfortunate words. And he is dead! said she with a still more lamentable voice.—Who told you that, cousin? asked the count——The old lady named her authority. It is not true, returned the count, while Louisa clung round his neck, repeating, with a mixed emotion of fear and hope: Are you certain he is not dead?—I am certain, said the count, otherwise we should have long ago been told of it by the major.

Scarcely had he pronounced the word major, when Louisa flew to the door, call-

ing out : The carriage !—for God's sake, get the carriage !——The coachman immediately hastened to obey her orders, and all the servants who were near ran to assist him. As soon as it was ready, Louisa sprang into it without reflecting that she was in her morning-dress, and exclaimed : Drive to Sollingen ! For God's sake, make haste ! The carriage rolled away before the count was able to stop it. The count was highly displeased, and said : In her morning-dress ! I wish, cousin, that you and your message were far enough ! You will make me an object of ridicule to the whole neighbourhood !—In her morning-dress ! . . .

Louisa often exclaimed through the coach-window : Drive on, coachman !—Drive on for God's sake ! When she arrived at Sollingen, she jumped from the carriage, wringing her hands, and making loud lamentation. The major and all the family met her in the hall. As soon as she saw them, she threw herself into the major's arms, without being able to utter a single word, and almost
even

even in a state of insensibility. Dear child, said the major quite alarmed, be composed, I pray. Gracious God! what is the matter?—My dear Halden is dead! said Louisa at length, and sank down in the major's arms. The major could no longer contain himself; he was seized with a violent trembling, and fell into the arms of his wife. Dead! said he at length—Dead! repeated he slowly, and casting his eyes downwards—Hennig dead! said he once more, and he dropped upon a chair, where he sat some time motionless with a look of despair. Dorothy conducted Louisa to the sofa. Emilia endeavoured to console the major, though she was almost inconsolable herself. The major, however, suffered neither her, his wife, nor his daughter to approach him; and, after a long pause, said with a sigh: I am a poor worm. I cannot here say, Thou hast given and thou hast taken away!—No, God has made me in my old age an object of shame and of ridicule. But I shall see the noble youth again—in

another world—that is my only consolation! Here his voice faltered through the excess of his grief; and while he pronounced these words, he was incapable of raising his eyes.

In a few minutes Dorothy called the major's lady to the sofa. Louisa would not believe that no account had yet been received here of Hennig's death, and an explanation soon took place. The old lady had the news from her waiting-maid, and she had been told by a peasant who had been at Moorberg. Doubts, therefore, were entertained of the truth of this melancholy intelligence; and the whole company began to console themselves with mutual hopes. The major ordered his horse to be saddled, and galloped over to Moorberg without saying a single word by the way to old Hennig. He went up stairs with a slow pace, and in a melancholy tone asked his sister in law if she had received any account of Hennig? Mrs. Halden with affected concern presented to him the envoy's letter. When the major had read it, he returned it coolly; opened

opened the door, and called out to his old huffar: It is unfortunately true, Hennig!—He is gone!—The old man, who had hitherto stood in the hall in a state of as great distress as the criminal about to be launched into eternity, sobbed aloud, while tears began to trickle down the major's cheeks—He was better than Charles, said the chamberlain abruptly, overcome by seeing the major so affected, and the two brothers clasped each other in their arms.—That devil Charles, said the major a little softly, has hunted your good son to death. Mrs. Halden here interrupted them; and the major became angry. He then related the deception which Charles had practised in regard to Julia. Woman, said he, stepping up to his sister in law when he had finished, I will not be his avenger, but leave you and your worthless son to God—If you and he end your days without punishment—may God forgive me!—It will then be seen who have done well, and who have done ill. You have hunted the dear boy to death—You—not my poor brother, that I clearly

see by his tears. As for yours they are of no signification—They are Judas's tears—crocodile tears—My brother is only a weak man who suffered his son to deceive him. But believe me he will deceive his son in his turn; and then the one devil must destroy the other, else there cannot be a God in heaven.

He now rushed towards the door, though his sister invited him to stay dinner. He then squeezed old Hennig by the hand, and said : Let her howl ! old man. We have but a short way to the grave, and then we shall see each other again.

Louisa, in the mean time, sat pale and motionless in the same spot, waiting with the utmost uneasiness for the major's return. She seemed to pay no attention to what was said to her ; talked to herself in an incoherent manner ; and on hearing the least noise in the court would start up and run to the window. The major at length arrived ; entered the house through the garden ; walked softly up stairs, like a malefactor ; and having opened the door with a trembling hand,

hand, Louisa, as if distracted, flew towards him.

He is a prisoner, said the major—he is a prisoner; for they have not found the body, and it is impossible that a body could disappear. He then related what he had read in the letter, and wished to inspire Louisa with hopes; but his own distress betrayed him.—Ah! said Louisa, if you know it, dear major, tell me, I pray, the whole. I cannot bear the hellish torture of seeing my hopes destroyed a second time. I have now resigned myself to my fate, and am composed. Tell me, is he dead?—Tell me the whole at once!

The major continued silent; but Louisa having kneeled before him, he at last said, sobbing, and with tears: Yes, dear child, I believe he is dead. Console yourself I pray, and reflect that we all must die..... Louisa stood up, and walked backwards and forwards in great agitation. She then stopped all of a sudden, and stared with her eyes fixed and motionless. Her father and the old cousin arrived; but she was so

absorbed in thought that she paid no attention to them. The count insisted that she should return along with him; but she sunk down in a state of stupor, so that it was necessary to give up all idea of carrying her to Ransleben. She was conveyed with great difficulty to bed; and the count himself resolved to remain at Sollingen, at least till the morning.

The major's lady had some time before dispatched the carriage for a physician, who at length arrived, and who, having inquired into all the circumstances of the case, said: It is indeed possible that Mr. Halden may be still alive; but we must not yet renew the young lady's hopes, because the sudden change of passions might be prejudicial to her. But where is she?—The major's lady conducted him to her, in the apartment which had formerly been occupied by Hennig. The physician asked some questions, but Louisa returned no answer. He then attempted to feel her pulse; but she drew back her arm, saying: Suffer me to die in

peace!—This cool resolution gave the doctor great uneasiness, and he plainly saw that before any thing could be done, it would be necessary to rouse her attention. He therefore signified to the major's lady by a nod that she should retire, and then gradually began to dispute the certainty of Hennig's death.

Scarcely had the major's lady returned to her husband, when a bustle was heard in the court, accompanied with a confused noise of many different voices. No one, however, in the parlour took much notice of it, because every body was engaged with the major, who was sitting in a melancholy posture on his chair, and every now and then breaking out into the most affecting lamentations for his darling.

The noise approached nearer; the door flew open—and young Hennig, Seibold, old Hennig, and the major's daughter all rushed into the room. Hannah exclaimed: Here is Hennig! And the newly arrived guests, in the excess of their joy, threw themselves
on

on their knees before the major. The reader may judge what effect this sudden transition from sorrow to joy must have produced on his heart. Hennig stretched out his arms towards his uncle; and the whole family with shouts of delight thronged around the youth, whom they had all considered as dead. Seibold was quite neglected, because Hannah's exclamation, Here is Hennig! had turned the eyes and attention of every body towards him.

The major lay reclined against the arm of his chair as if in a sort of stupor, and was scarcely able to move. He looked at his darling boy, and became still paler. At last, however, he was able to lay his hand on Hennig's forehead; after which he burst into a loud laugh.—Seibold! merciful God! Seibold! exclaimed Emilia; and she fell into the arms of her lover. The major cast his eyes towards her; gave relief to his oppressed bosom by a sigh; started up, and stretched out his hand to Seibold.—Not to me, uncle, said Hennig with some confusion,

sion, who did not yet know that it had been believed he was dead. The major looked at him with a smile, and said softly, Child of my sorrow! and he pressed him to his bosom. He then raised his hands towards heaven, and said in a humble tone: Forgive me, O Father above! I have him again!—I have him again!

During the confusion occasioned by this scene of joy, no one had thought of Louisa but Hennig, whose whole ideas were engaged with her alone. As soon as he saw the count, he cast his eyes around him and asked: Where is lady Louisa?—Every body observed the most painful silence. They were sensible that they durst not communicate the happy intelligence to her but by degrees; and if Hennig had learned that she was in the house and ill, he would have hastened to her that moment. But, dear uncle, said he, at last, (while distress was painted in his countenance,) tell me, I pray, where is lady Louisa?—Lady Louisa! replied the major—Look ye now, my dear Hennig,

Hennig, a very foolish thing has happened ; we all believed that you was dead, and there——But, my dear boy, you grow pale.

O my foreboding heart ! exclaimed Hennig, throwing himself into Seibold's arms. So they considered me as dead, said he with a laugh. Bravo ! bravo ! and when the intelligence arrived, she went immediately to bed ?—Ha ! ha ! ha !

The whole company looked at each other with astonishment. Yes, exclaimed the major's daughter abruptly—yes, that is true ; she is in your old apartment, Hennig.

In a moment he rushed out of the room, and they all followed him. As soon as he opened the door, he saw Louisa hanging with both her arms around the neck of a young man. The physician, in order to restore her to speech and sensation, inspired her with the greatest hopes, and at last almost assured her that Hennig was still alive. This produced the desired effect. She believed the physician ; threw her arms around
his

his neck weeping, and at that moment Hennig entered the room.

O my God! there he is! exclaimed Louisa. She then sunk down on the bed, overcome by the excess of her joy, and hid her face with the coverlid.

Hennig approached nearer. Don't hide your face, lady Louisa, said he—I am come to wish you happiness, and not to disturb your repose. He then laid hold of those who were standing nearest to him, and said: The lady wishes to be alone—let us retire.

But, Hennig, said the major, what is it you mean?—I beg of you, dear Hennig, what do you mean?

Nothing—nothing, replied Hennig—This lady I had once some fine dreams respecting her; but God be praised these are now over! Let us retire! I have no farther request to make . . .

The physician, when he saw Hennig enter, and knew him by Louisa's exclamation, had feared the worst for his patient; but he now found with pleasure that the young man by
his

his prudent conduct moderated that joy which to Louisa might have proved fatal. He laid hold of Hennig's hand, and said softly, Excellent! continue the same conduct a little longer. You could not have acted your part better.

Sir, replied Hennig, you have a great deal of assurance; and if you mean to make game of me, I will give you that correction which you deserve.

But, my dear foolish youth, replied the physician, have you lost your senses?

Louisa now sat up, laid hold of Hennig's hand, and said, with a look of tenderness, Halden! my dear Halden!—

Yes, returned Hennig, you still know me—Yes, lady Louisa, that is my name.

But, said the major muttering—So I must suffer all my joy to be destroyed in this manner. Tell me, Seibold, what is the matter with the young one? Gracious God! there they both are again—we ought now to sit down and inquire with tears of gratitude how it has fared with the dear youth.—

But

But there he stands, and is angry with the worthy faithful girl, who almost pined herself to death for the unthankful creature. Now, stay—she shall treat you with as much indifference as you treat her.

Is not lady Louisa married then ? asked Hennig and Seibold both at the same time; and the former advanced with timidity towards the bed—

Married! said all the company; while the major added: Are you fools?—Who, I pray, hatched that lie?

My brother, the detestable wretch! exclaimed Hennig, sitting down on the bed-side quite ashamed. Louisa then threw her arms around his shoulders, pressed her lips to his; and the general joy was again complete. The old huffar gave vent to his usual exclamation, Bravo! in which he was joined by all present, and even by the count himself, though with a low voice. The whole company seemed quite enchanted; distinction of rank was no longer thought of; and wherever the eye turned, it was struck

struck with some affecting scene or other.— In one place Hennig on his knees before the bed on which Louisa was reclining, and the old hussar leaning on his shoulder and shedding tears of joy—In another, Seibold clasping Emilia in his arms, while the major, running backwards and forwards, embraced and kissed sometimes one and sometimes another. Hark ye, said the major, when he had composed himself a little, to a boy who with the rest of the domestics was standing in the door—hark ye, young one, ride over to Moorberg, and tell my brother that I sincerely congratulate him on his son's safe return, and that he must come to see him to-morrow morning.

The family at last were restored to tranquillity ; but there was no mention of dinner though the clock had already struck four. The major in a jocular manner dragged Hennig into his own apartment, and the rest followed. As soon as Louisa was left alone, she sprung up from the bed perfectly recovered,

recovered, and in half a minute joined the company.

Hennig now looked around him, but could not comprehend who Dorothy was. Seibold having said: And you there, my dear Dorothy!—the major, interrupting him, replied: Now Mrs. Selenberg, Sir, if you please. But go on with your story—And you here? said Hennig to Julia, who stood at a distance . . . Yes, yes, replied the major, she is here also—and is now become the Magdalen in the Bible. But go go on, my dear boy—continue your story.

At this moment Louisa having entered, Hennig turned his eyes sometimes towards her, and sometimes towards Julia. Louisa said laughing: She made us unhappy, but she has also saved us. They now told Hennig the history in a few words, and he immediately exclaimed: O the diabolical wretches! (Julia became pale)—I mean Selenberg and Charles, added he—But let us have done with the wretch, said the major, and tell us how you and Seibold arrived

arrived at the same time. Hennig was obliged to gratify his uncle's impatience ; and while he was relating in what manner Seibold had saved his life, the major stood up, turned his eyes towards heaven, and pressed Seibold to his breast. Emilia at the same time stepped up to him, and said : Seibold, by how many obligations I am bound to love you !

Yes, yes, cried the major—it is so, Emilia, and you are right to confess it. He then whispered something in her ear, and she retired blushing. Hennig was now obliged to continue his history ; and when he had nearly concluded it, the major said, with a mixture of joy and gratitude : Old man, we this day murmured against God ; but it shall be the last time in our lives ! I will now tell you, that if the heavens and the earth were to fall in ruins around me, I would stand firm like a man, and not bend, unless it were to save some innocent person who might be near me. And with regard to the duelling, that was a foolish inconsiderate step,

step, as I now plainly see. For, did they do us any injury?—No—they only intended it. They first got Seibold trepanned to Hungary, and then they drove Hennig to land. They thought, no doubt, that they had conducted themselves with great prudence; but God brought them both together, and they saved each other's lives. Emilia they sent to the Mark, and thus gave an opportunity to Miss Julia to save our worthy Louisa from the claws of that devil Charles—Yes, I wish that Charles and Selenberg might enter at this moment; I would say to them: You are welcome—you thought to do me an injury, but I have converted it into a benefit. Just as he had finished these words, the clergyman, whom Emilia had sent for at her uncle's desire, arrived. The major then, turning to Seibold, said: My dear Seibold, you have saved my Hennig's life, and Charles sold you to crimps. For the former I owe you thanks; for the latter satisfaction: and you shall now receive both. Come hither, Mr. Parson!

Parson! Seibold, approach Emilia! and from this moment be to me a son, and I shall be to you a father. Seibold was so overjoyed that he could scarcely utter a word; and he stood motionless, looking sometimes at Emilia, and sometimes at the major.—Come, Parson, said the major, let them be made one flesh! Emilia laid hold of Seibold's trembling hand; and, almost before he knew what was going forward, was united in marriage to the object of his affections.

This event, so unexpected, put the whole company in good humour. Even the old count for once laid aside his formality, and became exceedingly cheerful. Truly, said he to the major, you are a worthy and a brave man! what a change has taken place here!—And a change for the better, replied the major, squeezing his hand with great sincerity—Louisa, continued the count in a jocular manner, have you any inclination?—Scarcely had he spoken the words, when the major, laying hold of Louisa's hand,

hand, placed her and Hennig before the clergyman. Here is one pair more, Parson, said he ; let them be joined in God's name !

.... The count grew pale, and then blushed ; for he was very far from intending that what he had said should be taken in earnest. He, therefore, ran behind the major ; pulled him by the sleeve, and said : Stop the ceremony, I beg of you—I have something, my dear friend, which I must first communicate.—Presently, presently, replied the major, without looking round. It will be over in five minutes. Hift!—He then folded his hands together, and the clergyman began. The count was in great perturbation ; but he did not know whether it would be proper to interrupt the parson. He, however, whispered again to the major : What I have to say will then be too late—Ay, ay, returned the major, something would be too late, I know—Hift ! hift !—The count looked at his daughter, who was in her morning-dress, and stood as if upon coals ; but while he was deliberat-

ing whether it would be proper to interrupt the clergyman, the ceremony was already ended.

Now, said the major to the count, what is it you wished to say to me, dear brother? —O my God! replied the count, that they should not be married! I told you it would be too late——

Yes—the devil! replied the major, in that you was right—You ought indeed to have told me before.——In her morning-dress too! muttered the count somewhat peevishly; but his daughter's joy, Hennig's warm gratitude, and the major's sincerity and kindness, soon restored him to his former good humour.

What will Emilia's parents say? observed Seibold—Ay, fools, replied the major, you might have asked them your whole life, my dear son, without ever being able to obtain Emilia!—Married in a morning-dress! said the count,——Fools! added the major, her finest ornament was her heart, her love; and the wedding garment in the Bible

Bible means the heart. We have on our side therefore, dear brother, the Bible, prudence, and necessity. But, the devil! no one to-day has thought of eating. There is no folly in that; and therefore you shall partake of a wedding-dinner. Hannah, my dear daughter, go and order the cloth to be laid.—The major's command was soon executed, and the company sat down to a plentiful entertainment; for his lady, when the strangers arrived, had prepared a few dishes extraordinary, as she well knew that the old count was very tenacious of formality in this respect.

After the dessert was brought in, one of the domestics whispered something to the major; and his looks, which were before cheerful, assumed immediately a serious cast. The chamberlain had just arrived, and was below. His wife, it seems, had gone after dinner to a great ball in the neighbourhood, and was not to return till the next day. He himself had been sitting very melancholy in his closet, when the major's servant came

to inform him that his son was returned and at Sollingen. The sudden transition from sorrow to joy, and consciousness attended with shame of the injustice that had been done to Hennig, made him form the bold resolution of taking advantage of his wife's absence in order to see his son. He called an old domestic, who had been brought up with him, the only one in the family by whom he was respected, and told him what he wished. He then caused horses to be put to an old chaise; gave the coachman, who was procured from the neighbouring village, some drink-money to observe silence, and proceeded to Sollingen, but still with a heart not free from fear.

When he arrived, he sent for the major before he quitted the carriage. As soon as the major pulled aside the leather which concealed the chamberlain, and saw his brother, he was just going to shout according to his usual custom; but the chamberlain said: For God's sake be quiet, my dear Fred!—I am here incognito, and only wish—

with—(these words he spoke with tears in his eyes) — to see once more my dear Hennig. The major could not help taking notice of the chaise, the wretched horses, and the old domestic. He then muttered to himself: Gracious God! even if he ate the bread of servitude, he could not be more meanly equipped—After which he said in a compassionate tone: Dear brother Toffel, and if no one else loves you—we—I and your two children, Emilia and Hennig, love you. Come, let us go up stairs! This the chamberlain at first would not venture to do, notwithstanding all that the major could say to persuade him. He was, however, at length prevailed on to go into an apartment below, in order to wait till his two children should come to him.

The major entered the dining-room with a melancholy countenance, and gave a wink to the two new-married couple, who immediately rose from table. He then walked before them, shaking his head, and muttering: It is too bad! In such an old

wheel-barrow !—Here, children, this way !
 . . . There, brother Toffel, there they are !

As soon as they perceived the chamberlain, they all ran up to him (Hennig being first), and fell down on their knees before him. Look there, brother ! said the major—Here you are a father !—These are your children !—This has been their wedding day—Give them your blessing !—And Seibold also asked the chamberlain with timidity—He saved your son's life, replied the major, and has rendered Emilia happy.

In the mean time they all laid hold of the chamberlain's hand, which they kissed with every mark of respect. The chamberlain, at first, turned round from the one to the other with apparent uneasiness ; but he at last laid his hand on Hennig's and Emilia's forehead, and said : I wish you may be happy—happier than your father !

The chamberlain here enjoyed, in the arms of his children, that happiness which he had been so long deprived of by his wife ;

wife ; but it was only for a few moments, as he was soon obliged to think of returning. The major endeavoured to persuade him to break the chain of his slavery, and actually made him sensible of the wretchedness of his condition ; but the chamberlain's dread of his wife had taken too deep root, and the nearer he approached Moorberg, he found himself so much the more in his usual state.

Next morning, as soon as the young married folks made their appearance and had received the usual compliments, the count walked about in a thoughtful mood, considering what was to be done further. He then drew the major aside to a corner, and desired him to deliberate on the same subject. The major shook his head :—Ay, said he at last, you shall stay here with me at Sollingen and be happy. The count shook his head also. The young folks being next consulted, Louisa and Emilia were of the major's opinion ; but Hennig and Seibold agreed with that of the count.

While the different parties concerned were disputing on this point, Hennig retired to his own room, and in a note reminded the count of his promise to secure for him the place of forester; wrote in Seibold's favour to the old page; gave him an account of the various accomplishments and talents of his brother-in-law, and requested his advice in regard to the best method of procuring him a place. The old page was rejoiced to have an opportunity of showing his gratitude to a family to whom he was so much indebted on Dorothy's account. He laid the letter before the prince, and his application was not fruitless. Young Halden was restored to his office of forester; and it was proposed to Seibold that he should purchase, with the title of counsellor of state, the great balliwick at Rhensen. This was exactly what Hennig had been thinking of, and was also what Seibold wished.

The servant whom Hennig had dispatched to the prince's residence with the letters brought

brought the answers to Ransleben, where the whole family of Sollingen were then on a visit. The count, to whom Hennig communicated them, had nothing to say against the office of forester; but in regard to the bailliwick he shook his head. Is Seibold then rich? asked he—As rich as I am, replied the major—He will touch 20,000 crowns—A mere trifle! He shall have thirty, and down on the nail—that I assure Emmy of; and even in that case Seibold does not receive one penny for Hennig's life; nor shall he receive, because for that service he enjoys my whole heart. —The count proposed that with the above sum an estate should be rather purchased for Seibold. That, however, Seibold opposed—Yes, said the old cousin, and a patent of nobility must be purchased! But that the major forbade for ever.

At the end of a fortnight the two new-married pair went to the capital; and Seibold was able to enter on his office immediately, as the widow of the former possessor

seffor resigned her right in his favour. Before he and Hennig took leave of each other, the two friends retired to a private apartment for a few minutes. I will one day resign my place, said Hennig, and then, dear brother, you shall share with me in all that I possess. You seem to entertain no doubt, Hennig! said Seibold, and therefore I can from my heart say yes— They then separated with tears of joy and friendship.

The major with his wife, daughter, and the old huffar were now almost always paying visits, sometimes to Hennig in the capital, and sometimes to Seibold at Rhensen. And at both places, said the major, God has made for my old man a heaven upon earth! After the two weddings he would have entertained no more thoughts of Moorberg, Charles and Selenberg, had not his sister-in-law reminded him of them by a very uncivil letter. She was soon informed by the voice of fame of Emilia's and Hennig's marriage, and her hatred towards the fa-

mily of Sollingen acquired new strength. She, indeed, was obliged to be silent, as she heard, almost at the same time, that Seibold was appointed by the prince a counsellor of state, and therefore could hope nothing from any complaint she might make against him. She, however, gave vent to her spleen in a letter which she addressed to the major. The major laughed when he read it, and with great good humour placed it on the window. He then said: I will pawn my life, she thought, that I would not place this letter on the window; but she shall see that she was mistaken!—Mrs. Halden had threatened, also, in the letter, to disinherit Emilia. The major did not doubt that she would keep her word; but he said: *Paperlapap!* If Charles should die, I would be glad to know whether she would then cause her money to be buried along with her. It is, however, fortunate that we have laid up a penny for the day of need.—We have no

occasion, then, to give ourselves any uneasiness about her disinheriting.

The chamberlain's lady did not really mean to carry her threat into execution. She even wished sometimes to be reconciled with her daughter : but she in the mean time deferred it, because she believed that she could pursue no step without Charles's permission. When she informed him of the events that had taken place in the family, he returned her an answer replete with the most scurrilous expressions. Emilia, said he, has married that beggar Seibold, and now she may beg with him ! I must assure you, dear mother, that if I entertained the least idea that you would ever see Emilia again, or have the smallest intercourse with her, I would quit Moorberg, and even my country, and never set a foot in it more. No—I should never return to a mother who would cover me with shame, should she, through weakness, overlook the folly of a degenerate daughter.

What !

What! see a girl who has married a beggar without her knowledge—who has given so much uneasiness to her family—that would bring disgrace upon us both!—No, I acknowledge her no longer as my sister—And now, mother, you have your choice—Emilia must no longer be your daughter, or I cease to be your son.

This letter had a powerful effect on the mother's weakness. It was intended to make her stifle the sensations of her heart, which she actually did, though not without a few secret sighs. Charles, in his letter, had not absolutely required his mother to disinherit his sister; but she trembled when she reflected that he might perhaps do so; for she was sensible that she would not have the courage to refuse him.

Charles actually entertained that idea which his mother dreaded. Beyond Dresden, and not far from the station where he found his brother and Seibold together, Selenberg learned that a beautiful young widow, whom he already knew, resided in
the

the neighbourhood. Hark ye, said he to Charles, before we proceed to Vienna, let us pay a visit to the countess of Scharleben. There's a fine woman for you! You must see her. When I first knew her, she was married, else she should have been my wife—and now, when she is again free, the devil has fixed me to the yoke of wedlock. She is beautiful as a Venus, rich, young, witty, and astonishingly delicate in her behaviour!—When she was only sixteen, she was several times at court, and the prince spoke of her beauty and talents in the highest strains of rapture.—To this description Charles seemed to pay great attention.

In the afternoon the travellers arrived at the seat of the countess, which was distinguished by its beauty, and the magnificence of the buildings and gardens. They ascended an elegant flight of steps, and were conducted into a hall, the furniture and paintings of which filled Charles with astonishment. A few minutes after, the countess, in a light undress, which, however, made

made her appear more enchanting, entered at another door. Her auburn hair floated in the most beautiful ringlets around her forehead and snowy delicate neck. She wore a white morning-gown, which, while she conversed in an agreeable manner, separated every now and then before, and disclosed, for a few seconds, the most beautiful bosom that imagination could paint. No, said she, with a cajoling voice, as she frisked into the room—no, my dear Selenberg, I could not wait to dress—I must absolutely request you, myself, not to lose patience while I am doing so.

Charles made a low bow.—This is my friend, Mr. Halden, said Selenberg.

That is to say, replied the countess laughing, my friend also, since friends must always share in every thing that is good—and perhaps you will not take it amiss if I should admit you both into my dressing-room—I did not intend to have dressed before dinner; but I shall have done in a few minutes.—Charles in the mean time was so enraptured

enraptured that he scarcely knew how he felt—so great was the impression made on him by the beautiful countess. He admired the wittiness of every thing she spoke ; and, indeed, her whole conversation was exceedingly captivating. Charles and Selenberg then accompanied her to her dressing-room. The countess chatted for a considerable time, and, before the two visitors were aware, the lady was standing behind a transparent window-curtain in order to dress herself.

Selenberg now began to converse respecting the court ; and the countess was almost ready to burst her sides with laughing. Selenberg with great humour ran over the *chronique scandaleuse*, and in his satire spared no one—not even himself ; for he related the history of his own marriage, with all the droll incidents which had attended it. Charles also, as well as the countess, contributed his share towards this scene, which consisted in a recital of the most foolish events, and almost uninterrupted peals of laughter.

laughter. Evening approached before the two visitors were aware. They wished to depart: but the countess insisted that her *bureau d'esprit*, as she humorously called her company, must hold a fitting the next day. They remained together till midnight; and the countess, at length, said with a laugh: I wish you pleasant rest, gentlemen.

What do you say to your new acquaintance? asked Selenberg—I say that you are a poor panegyrist, replied Charles; the countess exceeds your description a thousand times. In the company of this lady, added Charles with sparkling eyes, I have for the first time felt what life properly is.

Next morning, the first thing Selenberg did, was to tell the countess that Mr. Halden was over head and ears in love with her.—Not, added he, with that enchanting face, and that divine neck; but—you must undoubtedly be surprised at the fine taste of my friend—with your wit and good sense. The countess said, laughing: That I can permit—

mit—and now I would advise you to-day to pay proper respect to my wit and good sense!

Charles was somewhat disconcerted by Selenberg's prattling; but the countess gave him, as her avowed lover, so many little marks of preference, and addressed herself to him so often, that he at length found Selenberg's expressions exceedingly friendly. Next morning both wished to pursue their journey; but the countess, addressing her lover, requested him to indulge her for one day more. To-morrow, said she, I shall return to Dresden, and you must accompany me thither! What have you to do at Vienna? There are churches and entertainments at Dresden, as well as elsewhere. With regard to Selenberg, I can excuse him; he has sins for the remission of which he must pray; and he must endeavour also to mend his figure by a little good living. When he turns more virtuous, and acquires better bodily condition, he may come to Dresden to fetch you. Here she said so many smart things respecting Selenberg's thin haggard look,

look, that he at length promised to go along with her to Dresden.—No one could deny any thing to such a woman ; and her proposal was accordingly agreed to.

Charles never enjoyed a more pleasant jaunt than that which he made with the countess to Dresden, though he and Selenberg were absolutely obliged to comply in every thing with her wishes. She wrote a few cards, and in the evening there was a numerous assemblage at her house. Charles had admired her good humour, and now he was astonished at the delicate politeness with which she behaved to all around her. Every one strove to enjoy the pleasure of her conversation ; but she paid particular attention to her two guests. Wherever she appeared, she carried life and joy along with her ; and every where she had something to do—in one place to help some young man to employment ; in another to terminate a law-suit ; in a third to effect a reconciliation—and so on.

Charles

Charles admired her still more when he remarked that she employed her attractions to be useful to mankind, and that she had no other object in view.—I am handsome, said she, one—evening that I know well; and wish to see whether my word will have more weight with the old president, than the necessity of a whole family, who for years have been looking to the termination of their law-suit in vain, and have now had recourse to me. I cause myself to be invited to dine where the old president is invited; play an hour or two with the old gentleman; and am so prudent, and so composed, that he is highly overjoyed. After we have done play, I seat myself by him; talk of *le bon vieux tems*, and wish that he were still young, or that I were a little older. I sigh; begin to speak of the law-suit; squeeze his dry cold hand, and suffer him to squeeze mine in return—On account of that indulgence the process makes a gigantic step. This morning I had the president at my toilette, and

and suffered him to play with my bait—that is to kiss my arm—and now the suit will go on post-haste.

O how benevolent! said Charles; and was caught in the same trap in which the old gentleman had been caught.

Benevolent! replied the countess—*Point de tout*. I am totally unacquainted with the people whom I serve. What are they to me?—It gives me great pleasure to see that Beauty and not Plutus alone brings blind Justice a little into the right way. I said to the president this morning, as he was praising my attractions: Justice, truly, is not blind as she is represented; but she ought to be painted with a pair of crutches. He laughed till he was almost ready to die; and did not perceive that my observation was more applicable to himself than to Justice.

In such scenes the countess was engaged incessantly. She entertained the most serious company with laughing and foolish incidents; and would at the same time write letters of the utmost importance. She undertook

dertook every thing she was desired, provided no one was to be injured by it ;—at any rate when that was the case, she could be persuaded to it only by great art and cunning. She had her head, therefore, always full of a thousand intrigues, which she carried on, all at the same time, without bewildering herself, without confounding the parts she had to act, and without abandoning her usual follies. She depended more on her art and cunning than on her charms. Every stranger, not altogether insignificant, was welcome to her ; and she made every exertion to shine before them ; to act the most singular parts, and to conduct the most wonderful plans to a happy issue. Such a stranger was Charles. She appeared with him in all companies ; drank tea with him even before she got out of bed ; and sat up alone with him at midnight ;—while Selenberg, who now seldom indulged in dissipation, retired to enjoy rest. Charles was exceedingly flattered on account of the preference given to him by a woman

woman of so many accomplishments. His vanity ascribed her behaviour to a secret passion which she entertained for him ; and this idea still served to strengthen his attachment to her. A new and more interesting stranger would have soon roused him from his dream ; but such a stranger was not then present. He retained, therefore, his supposed conquest ; and became more and more the slave of the beautiful countess. He was so blind as not to perceive that she soon began to direct her wit even against him. At a masked ball, he luckily suffered himself to be placed by her in a globe, which she, in the character of Folly, dragged after her by a chain. Every body laughed at the conceit of the countess, who carried in her hand a mirror with this inscription, *The Image of Folly* ; and in which she showed those who accosted her their own image. Charles in his canvas covering was enchanted with the whim of the countess, who thus amused herself at the expence of every mask. When she left the ball-room,

in

in order to change her dress, she presented the mirror to him also; and for this arch trick he imprinted a kiss on her beautiful hand.

O what a woman! said he a thousand times as he sat alone in his own apartment; and it was now almost impossible to make him leave Dresden. He expressed his admiration to the countess herself; and she now for the first time displayed before him all her arts. To-day he found her drawing; next morning with her harp in her hand; and afterwards at her writing-desk correcting verses of her own composition. She was far from being complete mistress of all these accomplishments; but she knew how to employ them at the proper times, as well as in the proper places, so that Charles beheld her talents with the deepest respect.

The countess, who was ambitious of shining, wished to be courted by every man with whom she had any intercourse; to be a Ninon de l'Enclos—a German Aspasia—and in some measure she accomplished her aim.

aim. The first ministers were fond of being frequently at her house; and she always had a circle of the highest characters around her. But, notwithstanding all her finesse, she was not able to obtain properly what she had in view, and what cost very little trouble either to Aspasia or to Ninon—to unite nobility and talents together.—She wished to be a celebrated woman; but she had neither Aspasia's abilities nor the heart of Ninon, and was nothing else than vain. That she had loved, and that she would love still again, she confessed without hesitation, and prided herself in her inconstancy; but she did not, like Ninon, supply the loss of her affection by the tenderest friendship. Notwithstanding all this, she enjoyed a good reputation; and no one believed that her lovers had cause to boast of having received from her any particular favours.

Charles was now her suitor; and she took great pains to persuade her acquaintance that she loved him, though she found means as often as they were alone to keep him at

the most respectable distance. Charles was still more overcome by the attractions of this enchantress, and began to wish to get possession of her entirely. Having told this to Selenberg, the latter replied : Do you take me then for the countess ?——Charles confessed to him that he could not comprehend her—Yes, my dear Halden, returned Selenberg, as soon as you can comprehend her, it will be all over. The whole enchantment consists in this, that she is incomprehensible.—All Dresden believes, said Charles, that she loves me ; but I do not believe it.—She locks herself in with me, and talks so loud that her whole family can hear us ; but she is never cooler than when we are thus locked up and alone. Give me your advice, Selenberg ! I am desperately in love with this wonderful woman——Selenberg laughed, and shrugged up his shoulders.

Charles embraced the first opportunity to declare his love to the countess in the tenderest expressions. The countess seemed lost in deep thought ; had tears in her eyes, and

and squeezed him by the hand ; but matters proceeded no farther. He repeated this scene in the course of a few days ; and she behaved in the same manner as before.

Charles now flattered himself with the sweetest hopes, and urged his suit with more confidence. As soon as she confessed that he was not indifferent to her, he fell down enraptured at her feet and swore eternal love. The countess replied, laughing : I promise you love as long as you are worthy of it, or as long as my heart finds you so.—If fidelity, replied Charles, laying hold of her hand and kissing it——if love and esteem, if endeavours to anticipate all your wishes can deserve your love, I will enjoy it eternally, my dear countess !

The countess raised him up with a look of tenderness, and he was lost in rapture and ecstasy, but proceeded no farther. At the end of a fortnight he ventured to mention the word *marriage*; and the eye of his goddess became, according to every appearance, more obscure. She wished for a lover, but

not a husband; and her love for Charles would certainly at this moment have been extinguished, had not her steward, who was entrusted with the care of her affairs, intervened to prevent it.

The countess had become extremely extravagant, though her expences did not seem to be immoderately great. In Dresden her house was simple and neat; but on her estate in the country she had a palace, to which she retired every year, and had a dozen of covers laid every day on her table. This she might have done without injuring her capital; but there was something else which deranged her finances. In the hall of her palace stood a couple of vestals of marble, which had been dug up in Italy; above the chimney-piece there was an antique bas-relief; in her bed-room hung a beautiful saint with the head of an angel, by Guido Reni; and in every apartment there were costly paintings or other works of art, which she herself had purchased, and for which she had therefore paid a double price.

price. Her furniture was simple, but of English or French manufacture; and, besides, she could not sit on the same sofa, view herself in the same mirror, or look at the same watch above half a year at most. Every itinerant virtuoso played in her apartment before a select circle of her friends, and received in return a gold watch having her name inscribed on it with diamonds, or a box of great value. In this manner one capital after another was expended on different articles, and she was still called the beautiful rich countess, when she was in reality almost a beggar.

Her steward reminded her, from time to time, how her affairs stood; but instead of returning an answer, she would warble an Italian air, and put her name to bills, or to whatever else he laid before her, without looking at them, in order that she might free herself as soon as possible from those gloomy mortals who could do nothing else than count money. People lent, and the countess borrowed sum after sum—till at length,

just at the time when Charles pronounced the terrible word *marriage*, the steward informed her, that unless she could devise some means to retrieve her affairs, she must absolutely become a bankrupt.

The beautiful countess was now obliged to come to a consultation with her steward, and it was found that her affairs were altogether desperate. With whatever reluctance she turned her thoughts to marriage, she could, however, no longer avoid it. She again cast some tender looks at Charles, who had already lost all hope; and he again prostrated himself at her feet. He pronounced the word marriage once more with a tremulous voice; and with down-cast eyes she stretched out her beautiful hand to him. Charles now took advantage of his victory, and urged the countess to hasten the happy moment.

Every body was astonished when they heard that Mr. Halden had succeeded with the countess; and no one would believe it till the contract was actually signed. Charles,
who

who had communicated this intelligence to his mother, from whom he received a letter filled with the most joyful congratulations, continued his entreaties to the countess, and she at length gave her full consent. He now rejoiced that lady Louisa was become the wife of his brother; and considered himself as fortunate in the highest degree.

Mrs. Halden sent notice to the major by a letter, couched in the loftiest terms, of the respectable connection which her son had formed. The major replied with a hearty prayer for Charles's happiness, and concluded by saying: I wish you had informed me also that Charles has got a good wife, and not merely one that is rich and beautiful. Riches and beauty are only varnish; and a worm-eaten chair is a useless thing were it even gilt and lackered all over—Mrs. Halden considered this as the speech of poverty.

Charles heard by degrees, though he did not learn the whole truth, that his wife's affairs were at that time in great confusion. He,

however, still imagined that she was in good circumstances, if not extraordinarily rich ; and his mother was obliged to send him a very considerable sum in order that the debts of the most importunate creditors might be paid. The steward, who still retained the management of the money concerns, involved them in so much obscurity that Charles was not able to discover the true state of them, and his spouse requested him not to interfere in these matters. He at length became suspicious of the steward ; took the advice of experienced persons ; and, at last, saw the gulph into which the countess had precipitated herself by her imprudence. As a number of creditors now appeared, it was found necessary to sell her property, and Charles's young spouse could retain scarcely any thing more than her linen and clothes. It was fortunate for her that this catastrophe took place during the honey-moon ; for in regard to money Charles was far from entertaining magnanimous ideas. At present he abstained from reproaching

reproaching his wife, because he found himself too happy in the possession of her : but he was obliged to give up his plan of continuing at Dresden. His wife herself pressed him to leave it ; and retired with him, first to Moorberg, but not with a view of residing there constantly.

Charles's parents had learned little or nothing of all this, and the chamberlain's lady was therefore in the utmost joy, when she saw her son's wife arrive with a crowd of domestics, and several carriages laden with linen and clothes. She had caused the best apartment in the house to be new painted and furnished to receive the elegant young lady, and imagined that what she had done would obtain great approbation ; but, to her astonishment, the young lady looked around her with much indifference, and then said to Charles : What an abominable taste ! My maids were better accommodated ! I thought, and you told me, that every thing would be arranged and prepared in a proper manner. Had I

only brought with me my carpets and a part of my paintings!—Charles pacified her with the assurance that every thing would soon be put upon another footing.

The young lady commanded, and it was necessary that arrangements should immediately be made for obeying her, that the hall should be altered. The stairs in the house were to her too steep, and the garden was a cabbage-field which she could not bear to look at, and which was as deficient in statues as the house was in paintings. A Flora and the four Seasons, which stood in the garden, she called mere blocks, and would no longer endure them. The chamberlain's lady shewed her the picture gallery, which contained a collection of family portraits in cuirasses, with marshal's batons and large perukes. The young lady burst into a loud fit of laughter when she saw them, and said: I would prefer one Teniers with five or six boors to your whole kindred. The chamberlain's lady became as red as scarlet; she, however, made no reply, and only

only thought : This is exactly like the major ! Prefer boors to nobility !—to generals !——The young lady, however, meant only painted boors.

The chamberlain suffered most by the arrival of his daughter-in-law. He was obliged to reduce his darling cabinet, which his wife had never meddled with, from three apartments to one ; and to send away his canary birds, because the young lady could not endure their cry. He shook his head with strong marks of displeasure at every thing he saw in the house, and scarcely ever quitted his own apartment. Formerly he had sat down to dinner in his morning gown ; but now he was obliged to appear at table in full dress. In a word, the old gentleman was quite out of his element.

The mother soon found herself obliged to comply with all the whims of her daughter-in-law : but, on the other hand, she enjoyed the triumph that her Charles was considered as the most fortunate man in

Germany. The very considerable sums which she had secretly saved could not, she thought, be better employed than for the gratification of her son ; and if the whims of the young lady were not too expensive, they were always humoured.

Jaunts were frequently undertaken to the capital, and these also required great expence ; for Charles and his mother both wished to make as splendid a figure before Hennig's eyes as possible. As soon as Charles's lady appeared at court, she subdued every heart. The prince was extremely fond of her company, and gave splendid *fêtes* in order to shew his respect for her. Charles, therefore, was soon a man of great importance. He was offered

place at court : but he feared that the prince might become dangerous to his wife's virtue ; and, besides, she herself persuaded him to refuse it. By holding a place her husband would have been much confined ; and she had now a great many jaunts in her head, as it was impossible

impossible for her to continue long in one residence.

Charles, nevertheless, endeavoured to employ the favour he enjoyed at court to his own advantage. He saw that he had occasion for a large income, in order to gratify the desires of his wife; and, therefore, he wished to bring matters into such a train that Emilia should be disinherited. Though it was very difficult for the mother to come to this resolution, she at last was unable to withstand the representations, prayers and threats of her son, especially as he shewed her that he would have nothing to live on but her property, and that Emilia besides would become rich. (Seibold by his bargain had indeed been a considerable gainer, because he understood agriculture, and lived in a very frugal manner.)

The chamberlain's lady undertook to persuade her husband to comply with her desire. He held out a long time, notwithstanding all her scolding, teasing and
abuse;

abuse; but he was at last obliged to yield, and to make a will, in which Charles was left sole heir—to the exclusion of Emilia, because she had married without the consent of her parents. The beautiful young wife was charged to communicate this to the prince, as if in the course of conversation; which she accordingly did, and he had nothing to say in opposition, because Emilia was now become indifferent to him, and young Mrs. Halden highly interesting.

Charles found Louisa and his brother, who cared nothing about the court, and who, when his business was done, lived in the bosom of domestic felicity, one day in a company, and gave him a description of his wife with such an air of triumph as he thought must humble him: I wish, said he to Hennig, that you may be as happy as I! —Hennig laughed and returned no answer. As soon, however, as he got home and saw his Louisa place her infant at her motherly breast, he kneeled down near her, kissed

kissed her hand, and said with tears of joy in his eyes : If my mother and brother could only behold you with your child at the breast, they would perhaps comprehend that I am far happier by your side than in the tiresome bustle of a court.

Louisa's father died, and Hennig resigned his office in order that he might reside on his estate. He now reminded Seibold of their former conversation, and Seibold renewed his promise of going to live with him as soon as the twelve years of his lease were expired.

Emilia having by this time become a mother, the major would now ride from Ransleben to Rhensen, and from Rhensen to Ransleben, and sit there for hours by the happy mothers, while his eyes sparkled with joy. Look ye, my dear old Hennig, said he often as he returned, and stopping his horse : I can here challenge the whole world to produce a more fortunate man than myself ; God be praised for it ! At present I am afraid of death—I am so happy!

While

While peace and contentment prevailed in the narrow circle around the three happy families of Sollingen, Ransleben, and Rhensen, dissipated pleasure diffused its influence to a greater distance around Moorberg. Balls, hunting parties, and meetings of various kinds, succeeded each other there without intermission; and even the prince himself paid several visits at Moorberg. The chamberlain's lady was intoxicated with joy at this good fortune, and would gladly have invited Hennig and his wife in order to shew them her triumph, had not Charles reminded her that, on account of Emilia's being disinherited, it was impossible to have any intercourse with Hennig; but she told every one who came from Ransleben, and Sollingen, that her son had been visited by the prince. In this manner the intelligence was conveyed to the old cousin at Ransleben, who said to Hennig and her Louisa with a sigh: Only think now, the prince has been at Moorberg! The family of Moorberg are exceedingly fortunate!

nate ! Such an honour !—Louisa looked at her son ; laid hold of Hennig's hand with every expression of joy, and said : The prince may have been at Moorberg ; but here we enjoy heaven and every thing that renders angels and saints happy—Love and Peace !—That is, said the old lady sighing, that you have eyes for nobody else but your husband and your little one ! And for that reason the court never enquires after you.

And we never enquire after it, replied Louisa.

Yes, said the old lady, I know well that every thing is indifferent to you, provided you are beloved by your husband : the prince will never come hither, or things must be much changed !

The old cousin made several distant attempts to renew her intimacy with the chamberlain's lady ; but she at last gave them over when she found that she was not supported by Hennig and Louisa, and that they paid no attention to the comparisons which she
drew

drew between the melancholy life at Ranf-leben, and the happy life at Moorberg.

The family of Moorberg, however, did not live so happily as the old lady imagined. Charles and his wife ruled indeed in the house with uncontrouled sway, as the father passed every thing over in silence, and the mother approved whatever they did. But their almost imperceptible dependence on the old chamberlain appeared to them an oppressive burden, because they were not yet masters of the property. The produce of the estates came for the most part into Charles's hands; but if any thing of importance was to be undertaken, and for which a larger sum was necessary, they were always obliged to apply to the father. On such occasions the old man would venture to make some remonstrances, as these were the only opportunities he had of shewing his consequence. His son's wife had often speedy occasion for money; and as things now stood, she was obliged to go through the tedious process

process of procuring it from her father-in-law by the medium of her husband. This delay was disagreeable to her, and she frequently said, with her usual levity : But how can your father be so shameless as to live so long ?—Sometimes also : It is however exceedingly vexatious that a childish dotard should be the director of a man like you!—Charles had governed his father almost from his infancy, and never entertained for him either love or respect. These expressions of his wife made, therefore, no disagreeable impression upon him, and he even approved them in his heart. Besides, the intentions of the chamberlain, from many hints which he let drop respecting Hennig and Emilia, were become suspicious to him. He was afraid that his father might go over to their side, should the major interfere in the business, or should his sister importune him more closely. He, therefore, thought it most prudent to get, as soon as possible, full and untroubled possession of his father's property. He made proposals on
this

this head to his mother, and the foolish woman found even this request not unreasonable. She of course promised to Charles that she would bring it about, that the whole property should be made over to him in due form of law.

When she proposed this plan to her husband, he replied, to her great astonishment, with firmness and composure : I will do no such thing !—Mrs. Halden held her tongue for a few minutes, and then made a second attempt ; but the chamberlain repeated, with much tranquillity : I will do no such thing ! and I desire you will tell this to your son. Mrs. Halden now began to storm ; and, having continued her violence for some time, at length asked, with a flood of tears : Have you resolved ?——But the chamberlain was inexorable, and adhered to his former declaration : I will do no such thing !

The chamberlain's lady, who was not accustomed to meet with so much obstinacy in her husband, became at last really quite
furious,

furious, and with a terrible look exclaimed : You shall, I tell you—you shall !—The chamberlain trembled, and his wife imagined that he was now about to comply. But he replied : I will not do it ! and if you continue to tease me in this manner, I will call for the assistance of Hennig and the Major.

On hearing this declaration, Mrs. Halden became pale as death. Her husband having observed it, added : I must, indeed, take some step of that kind if you do not leave me at peace. I have been obliged to resign my apartment to Charles ; but respecting this last request, I will not suffer myself to be tormented any longer—A pretty thing indeed ! I must give up all my property, in order that I may afterwards beg bread from my own son !—No !—I will do no such thing : I will remain master of this room and of my own property as long as I live.

The chamberlain's lady employed all the arts of an obstinate head-strong woman—She cried, scolded, fighed, threatened, and frightened her poor husband with the idea
that

that he would be the occasion of her death, and pretended to be exceedingly ill. In the course of a few weeks she at length excited her husband's compassion, or rather his timidity; but her victory over him was however far from being complete. The old man declared that he would give himself no concern respecting the manner in which Charles might employ his income; but that he certainly would never agree to a formal resignation. This was all the declaration that Mrs. Halden was able to obtain from him. If his wife and Charles urged him still farther he would speak of Hennig and the major; and they would then immediately make an end of their importunity.

The chamberlain's lady, who was well acquainted with her husband's disposition, soon observed that he must have some other cause for his obstinacy than what he pretended. She was, therefore, led to suspect that he perhaps might have some idea of cancelling what he had done in regard to the disinheriting of Hennig and Emilia.

Having

Having made every possible enquiry, she learned that her husband, while she was at the capital, had held a long conference with his steward, a young man of great probity, who was assistant to an old attorney in the neighbourhood, and that he had been seen, on that occasion, to sign some papers. Two old peasants had been called in privately to the chamberlain by the old domestic, and had been observed to wipe their eyes as they went out.—The chamberlain's lady concealed this discovery from Charles, in order that she might not incense him more; but she behaved now to the steward with greater civility, as she did not know in what manner to proceed to get the secret from him.

Her husband at length fell dangerously ill, and therefore she could defer her plan no longer. She sent for the steward, and said to him in great confusion: My husband requests you will deliver to him the paper which you drew up, and to which John and the two peasants (here she named them) were

were witnesses—The steward hesitated—It concerns, continued she with tears, our other two children whom my husband wishes to see, and who are already sent for. He, therefore, desires to have the paper. I believe he intends to send it to the major.

Mrs. Halden said all this with a look of so much innocence that the steward was caught in the snare. I must, however, replied he, deliver it to the chamberlain himself, your ladyship.

—That is what my husband himself wishes, said Mrs. Halden.—She then went to her husband, who was lying in a sort of slumber as if insensible, and said to him : I have demanded from the steward the paper which concerns my property; but he will not deliver it to me except in your presence. Tell him, therefore, that he must give it to me. The steward, in the mean time, had gone to fetch the will, which was sealed up, and at that moment entered the room. Give it to my wife, said the chamberlain ; and again sunk into his half-slumber.

number. The steward approached the bed, in order to tell the chamberlain what the paper contained ; but Mrs. Halden requested him not to speak loud. When he had mentioned the contents, the chamberlain answered, as had been almost always the case during his whole life : It is very well—very well ! Have you given it to my wife ?—The steward then retired without suspecting any deception.

The chamberlain's lady had now got possession of those important papers which had been so long a burden on her mind. Her husband, indeed, had solemnly acknowledged Hennig and Emilia as his heirs ; and the style of the deed was so sincere, and so affecting, that it made a considerable impression on the mother. She was so ashamed that she shewed to no one, not even to Charles, this writing, by which she now learned that her husband had been present at Seibold and Emilia's marriage, and had given his consent to their union.

She now thought, with great uneasiness,

VOL. IV.

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what

what would be the case should Hennig and the major know any thing of these papers. She, however, assumed courage, as she could bring the steward as an evidence to prove that her husband had demanded back the will. It was necessary, therefore, above all things, that she should prevent her husband from having any conversation with his brother or children. For this reason she pretended that her husband's illness was only a slight indisposition; and the more the physician expatiated on the danger of his condition, the more did she endeavour to inspire the whole family with hopes. In the mean time the chamberlain's illness increased so much that it could no longer be concealed, and intelligence was conveyed to Ransleben and Sollingen that he was at the point of death.

Hennig immediately went to his uncle, and rode over with him to Moorberg. The chamberlain's lady received them both with false tears. Her husband was already lying speechless in a continued slumber, and yet she

she conducted the visitors with great apparent distress into the apartment of her dying husband. Hennig threw himself on the bed, exclaiming: O my dear father! and kissed his cold hand. The dying man, aroused by the loud shout, at length opened his eyes. He seemed as if desirous to collect all his strength; but his eyes soon began to be again closed. Dear brother Toffel! cried the major with his strong hoarse voice, Here am I, and there is your son Hennig! These sounds once more aroused the dying man. He opened his eyes, raised his arms, smiled, and stretched out his hand to Hennig.

Mrs. Halden was thrown into the utmost distress by this scene. Ah! he no longer knows any body! said she.—He knows us, replied the major. Brother, continued he, don't you know us? The chamberlain nodded.—Is that your son Charles? He shook his head.—Is it your son Hennig? The chamberlain nodded three times—Do you love him, brother? He nodded

again, and stretched out both his hands to him.—Give your son, then, your blessing! said the major. The chamberlain folded his hands, and placed one of them on Hennig's forehead.

During this examination the chamberlain's lady every moment expected to hear the question, Shall Hennig be heir? And in order to prevent it she threw herself, with loud lamentation, upon her husband and kissed him.—The chamberlain signified by a nod that they should all retire to some distance; looked at Hennig, and wrote with his finger on the bed, probably to give them to understand that he had left something in writing.—Hush! said the major softly. As soon as he was silent, the chamberlain's mental powers sunk under the weakness of the body, and he again fell into a slumber.

Mrs. Halden then said that the physician had given orders he should not be disturbed during his slumbers. The major and Hennig were therefore quiet; but the latter
did

did not leave the bed-side. In the evening his father opened his eyes once more, and he was heard to pronounce some words which seemed to sound like—*Emilia! Hennig!*—He then stretched out his hand to Hennig through all those who surrounded the bed, sighed once more, and breathed his last.

The major closed his brother's eyes, and said in a lamentable tone: Farewell! May God grant you, in eternity, that happiness which you was deprived of on earth by your own weakness and the worthlessness of others! Thou art now gone, dear brother! and we must all follow thee to a place where hatred, on account of wretched money, has no power to make a separation between hearts. Thou wast not wicked, dear brother! God will forgive thee, and us all.

Hennig had fixed his eyes, full of tears, on his father's body, and, laying hold of his hand, said slowly, and in an affecting manner: Dear father, with this dying hand

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you gave me your blessing. He then threw himself on his knees before his mother, and exclaimed with great earnestness : Dear mother, grant me your blessing also !—Mrs. Halden became pale as death, her heart palpitated, and her face seemed to be agitated by a kind of convulsive motion. While she struggled with herself she laid her trembling hand upon Hennig's forehead, threw her arms around him, and, amidst sighing and sobbing, pressed him for a few moments to her breast. The horrors of her own conscience destroyed in her bosom the finer sensations which were awakened by this scene. She hastened from the room, and felt as if the terror of the last judgment had been pursuing her. On this occasion she did not know whether she loved or hated Hennig. She would have behaved to him with propriety, had she believed that he entertained no thoughts of the heritage.

Hennig and the major departed ; and in a few days the latter received a note from
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the widow, in which she asked whether Hennig and Emilia would give up their claims to the father's property, or wished to be present at the opening of the will. The major only demanded a copy of the will, which he received; and neither Hennig nor Emilia took any steps to maintain their right. Charles, therefore, had now attained his aim, and became sole master of all that his father possessed, which was very considerable. The mother thought it most advisable to resign her property also to him during her life-time. She made a present of three thousand crowns to Emilia, and of a thousand to Hennig. All the rest she gave to Charles, and retained for herself only an annuity of six hundred.

She expected reproaches from Hennig and Emilia for this conduct; and yet both thanked her, in letters full of the tenderest expressions, for being so good as not to forget them. My husband, dear mother, said Emilia, whom you do not mention—with so much goodness how could you be

so obdurate?—considers the present you sent me as a sacred deposit. He cannot prevail with himself to employ the money for his own private use, and has given it to the institution for the support of widows in the capital. It has been registered as a present from you; and he rejoices, dear mother, that many poor widows, at some future period, will remember your name with blessings and tears of joy.—The mother was offended that her money had been treated with so much indifference; but she still received some pleasure from the manner in which it had been employed, as it flattered her vanity.—Hennig, in his answer, treated his mother with much respect, and shewed that he possessed the feelings of a son.

Charles and his young beautiful wife had scarcely got possession of the whole property, when they converted Moorberg into a magnificent mansion. The house was surrounded by a park laid out with the greatest taste: The ditches, dangerous draw-bridge, and the castle-gate, together
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with the Grecian females, all disappeared : The Flora and the four Seasons were exchanged for a few statues of real beauty : New furniture was sent for from Paris ; a gallery of fine paintings was formed, and a handsome town-house was purchased in the capital. Young Mrs. Halden now repeated the life she had led at Dresden ; and her whole time was occupied with visits, balls, *fêles*, and short jaunts of pleasure. Charles was surrounded with splendour ; for he made a most shining figure in the capital, and the prince behaved to him with no less marks of distinction than he did to his wife. But Charles observed, with great pleasure, that his wife kept the prince at a respectful distance.

The prince, indeed, was charmed with the beauty and sprightliness of Mrs. Halden, and his attachment increased every time he saw her. He at first believed that he should have no great difficulty to obtain the end he had in view, as she received his addresses with the utmost friendship ; but

He soon had occasion to remark, that she only encouraged him in order that she might have the glory of giving him a refusal. She avoided all occasions where she might have been alone with him even without impropriety, attached herself to the princess, and was often in her company a whole day together without being out of her sight. If the prince ever found a favourable opportunity of speaking with her alone, she was always exceedingly jocose; parodied his words, and turned what he said in earnest into mere jest. The prince heard that she related to her husband whole conversations which he had held with her; and he was often afraid she would say in his presence: His highness loves me!

In a word, the prince could make nothing of this strange woman, who neither listened to nor rejected his addresses. He became, therefore, serious, silent, dejected, and reserved. Young Mrs. Halden displayed all her arts to attract him once more; and when he again approached, they had
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Both exchanged parts. She seemed to be peevish, serious, and silent. In order to remove out of the way one of the prince's redoubts, which was formerly her darling pleasure, she resolved to abstain from her usual long walks.

The whole court observed that the prince loved Mrs. Halden. Many already endeavoured to insinuate themselves into her favour; and some abject souls attached themselves to her husband, in order that they might take advantage of his future influence. The beautiful Mrs. Halden told her husband in the evening what she had observed in the course of the day, and he would exclaim with rapture: With what a wife I am blest!

The prince at length applied to Selenberg, first in obscure expressions, and then openly. Selenberg, however, said, shrugging up his shoulders: Halden is my friend!—And am not I so too? replied the prince. Am not I so too?—The courtier made a respectful bow, and said: As long as Mr.

Halden can gratify his wife's taste for pomp and luxury, she will be invincible—I know her well !

Have you nothing farther to say ? asked the prince.—No, your highness ! replied Selenberg : I have nothing farther *to say*. But, in my opinion, a good deal may be drawn from what I have said already. *What I have to do*, however, is another point ; but I am not fond of talking of things which may miscarry.

The prince embraced Selenberg ; and the latter said, laughing : A look of displeasure from your highness would to me be more agreeable at present than this public mark of your favour. The world must not know that you honour me with your confidence, else Halden would withdraw his.

The prince took particular notice of this expression. In a few days Selenberg was in open disgrace, and the whole court behaved to him with coolness. Charles alone remained faithful to him : What is the reason ? said he to his friend.—And the latter replied,

replied, laughing : The prince charged me to endeavour to render your wife a little more compliant. I rejected this *honourable* employment, and it was very natural that I should fall into disgrace.—Charles thanked Selenberg ; and Selenberg advised him not to depend altogether on his wife's virtue : She is a woman, said he—she is flattered, as every other woman would be, to think that she is loved by a prince. You are indeed her confidant, Halden ; but, however, she tells you only what she thinks proper. She will hardly confess to you, what I have observed, that she is not displeased with the prince's addresses ; and that, when he becomes cool, she endeavours to attract him again by smiles and kind looks. In a word, she is a woman, and her lover is a prince. Were I in your place, I would retire with her to Moorberg—People should not throw themselves in the way of temptation.

Charles found what his friend said to be extremely proper, and he squeezed his hand ; but he could not resolve to retire to
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Moorberg. Selenberg did not wish to drive him from the capital, but only to render him jealous, and to induce him to throw out reproaches against his wife, that he might then play his own game. He did not, however, obtain his end. Charles had unbounded confidence in his wife, as well as in Selenberg. He could not frequently avoid suffering his wife to be alone with the prince; and therefore he commissioned his friend to keep a watchful eye over them both. Selenberg promised to do so, and in a few days he said to Charles, with a sort of concern: Your wife, as yet, has no private intercourse with the prince; but I am apprehensive she may fall.—He then related so many significant trifles, that a spark of jealousy was at length kindled in Halden's breast. Charles now observed his wife more narrowly, and found that Selenberg was right—nay more, that she actually deceived him. Some disagreeable scenes took place between the husband and wife; but they came to no explanation. Mrs. Halden
only

only said, in a feeling manner : If you go on so, you cannot expect a continuance of my love.

Selenberg made the poison he had instilled into Charles's breast to ferment more and more ; but he recommended to him to be silent, else his wife would proceed with more caution and secrecy. Mrs. Halden, who had no turn for gallantry, and who was actuated merely by vanity, did not much relish the prince's addresses ; and she durst not venture to give offence to Charles. Her husband's jealousy was still increased by Selenberg's representations ; and he threatened to carry her with him to Moorberg, and never to suffer her to return more to the capital. Conscious of her own innocence, she laughed in his face ; ridiculed his suspicions, and succeeded this time in rendering him again composed, as Selenberg always succeeded in inflaming his jealousy. Charles at last became exceedingly morose ; and he obliged his wife to absent herself from parties which she had formed,
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and at which she had promised herself a great deal of pleasure.

On an occasion of this kind an altercation took place between the husband and wife, which was rendered much more severe, as the wife could only make a very bad defence. She at length had recourse to tears, the usual weapon of her sex. Charles, who really loved her, sunk into her arms, and requested her in so tender a manner not to deprive him of her fidelity, the only happiness of his life, that she pressed him to her breast, and said: Halden, I have never violated the fidelity I owe to you by so much as even a thought. But let us have no more such scenes, I request of you, unless you wish to provoke me to be unfaithful!—Let us, continued she tenderly, and embracing him—let us drop this subject for ever!

They now came to an explanation respecting the origin of Charles's jealousy. Charles, notwithstanding the request of his friend, mentioned the name of Selenberg:—

Selenberg!

Selenberg ! said his wife astonished—Selenberg ! He excited your jealousy ?—and she burst into a loud fit of laughter. She at last said : How singular !—How exceedingly droll !—Selenberg, however, is an artful knave : he deceives you, and me also. We will catch him then, my dear, in his own net !

Charles was astonished at the exclamation of his wife ; and she now told him that Selenberg had shewn uncommon attachment to her, and had lamented that she was united to a husband so jealous. I honestly confess, added she, that I heard him with patience, and in confidence made my complaint to him. He then spoke in favour of the prince, and procured him a hundred opportunities of seeing me alone. Truly, my dear, continued she, had not these moments disconcerted his plan, I believe the artful villain would have succeeded in making a perfect breach between us, in order that he might render me more exposed to the prince's designs.—Charles was astonish-

ed, and would not believe what she said. She produced, however, two letters from Selenberg, which contained a full proof of his views. As Charles still doubted, she shewed him a letter in which the prince requested Selenberg would endeavour to procure him only a favourable look from the beautiful Halden. Selenberg had shewn this letter to young Mrs. Halden, just at the moment when she was displeased with her husband, and she had snatched it from him. Charles was now convinced of Selenberg's treachery, which indeed he did not find so singular and so exceedingly droll as his wife did. He became perfectly reconciled to her; and calmly resolved with himself to punish the worthless deceiver.

Next morning he went with two of his acquaintances to Selenberg, and said: Mr. President, I declare to you, in the presence of these gentlemen, that you are a bad man, and a villain!—Selenberg wished to enter into an exculpation of his conduct; but as Charles would not listen to him, he was at length,

length obliged to pull up resolution and demand satisfaction. They retired to a thick grove behind Selenberg's house, where Charles, pronouncing the words Diabolical villain! ran a dagger through his right shoulder, so that the point of it came out at his neck on the other side. The wound was not thought mortal; but Selenberg's juices were so corrupted as to prevent it from healing, and, the bad symptoms still increasing, he was at last unable to quit his bed. Selenberg now found himself in a state of horror while left alone with his physician, his own conscience and death gradually approaching. During a moment of great distress, he made mention once of his wife and his child. The physician, without asking permission, sent word to his wife to come to see him. She arrived with her daughter from the estate on which she had lived for some time, together with Julia, and entered her husband's apartment just as the surgeon was performing a very painful operation on him. Selenberg was much affected by the compassion which appeared

appeared in her looks, as well as by the uneasiness of her daughter; and he stretched out his hand to his wife. Mrs. Selenberg now attended him with the utmost tenderness, and he soon observed that he was better treated by her than by the domestics.

He accustomed himself to the sight of his wife and his daughter. Her attention, her compassion for his sufferings, and the caresses of his daughter, excited his gratitude and attachment. At first her company was only agreeable to him; but it soon became necessary. His attachment increased to love and confidence; and, when removed only one step from the grave, he found, for the first time, that there are other and nobler pleasures than those of sensuality. He died in the arms of his wife; and his last words were: Dorothy, what a loss I suffer; alas, when on the brink of the grave I know what love and happiness are!—His daughter inherited his whole property, except a considerable legacy which he left to the unfortunate victims of his seduction.

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The cause of Selenberg's death was kept a profound secret; and Charles returned to the capital, but not to enjoy happiness. He became again a prey to the demon of jealousy, as the prince still continued his attention to his wife. However much it cost him to quit the court, he at length resolved to retire from it altogether. Residing in the capital, and new establishments, had exposed him to very great expence; and therefore his mother saw him with pleasure return to Moorberg, where he could much easier adopt a more frugal manner of life. All hope of Charles becoming a count or minister was destroyed; and he had no advantage over Hennig, but the favour of the prince, which could no longer be very honourable. She, however, rejoiced that she again enjoyed the company of her darling, to whom she now made that sacrifice which he wished by letting him reside at Moorberg. She was desirous to continue her old economical system, after the return of her son; but this was highly displeasing

to young Mrs. Halden, who took a delight in destroying the views of her mother-in-law. Quarrels and altercations took place between the two ladies, which from time to time were attended with more rancour; and the mother, who well knew what large sacrifice she had made to the happiness of her son, began to command and carry every thing with a high hand.

Matters at length proceeded to a formal rupture; and the daughter-in-law said very plainly: I am mistress of this house! and you, madam, are supported by a pension which you receive from us—don't forget that!—Only hear, Charles, cried the mother in a violent passion, what your wife says! A pension! Such a thing was never meant! As long as I live I am mistress of this house.—After my death you may squander and spend till you make my son as poor as you was yourself, madam!

Dear husband, said the daughter-in-law with a face as red as scarlet, will you suffer me to be thus abused by your mother?

Charles

Charles was quite confounded. He wished to bring about a reconciliation, but he rendered the quarrel still more violent. The chamberlain's widow retired in great wrath to her own apartment, and sent for her son. As soon as he came, he told her in a soothing but at the same time resolute manner, that his wife was mistress in the house, and that things could not now be changed. The mother stared, and was silent for some time ; but she soon began to rave and storm with great violence. They proceeded to harsh words ; and Charles at last said as he quitted the room : I am master of this house, and my authority I have delegated to my wife !

The mother made several attempts to recover her former consequence, but to her great humiliation without success. She now wished to maintain her authority by scolding and violence, as she had done during the life-time of her husband. She remained in her own apartment, caused her meals to be brought thither to her, and by a thou-
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sand

And trifling peculiarities teased and perplexed her daughter-in-law. The consequence, however, was, that Charles, who loved his wife, spoke to his mother in the tone of a master, and said : If an end is not put to all this, I shall find means to deliver my wife from you, as you do every thing in your power to make yourself hated by her.

The unfortunate mother burst into tears ; Charles, said she with a faltering voice, I entreat you — — — — No ! cried she in a rage, I will not entreat where I can command ! Get from my sight, you ungrateful wretch !

Open war was now declared. The chamberlain's widow did every thing she could to vex her daughter-in-law, and the latter retaliated. Charles drove his mother's servants from the house ; and she was, therefore, under the necessity of suffering herself to be attended by those of his wife. Young Mrs. Halden turned the mother into ridicule, and the domestics followed her example. Charles

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sw all this without saying a word—as well as the extravagance of his wife, which was boundless.

Payment of the pension which the chamberlain's widow should have received was now kept back under various pretences, and much bad usage at length humbled her pride. No person in the house would any more listen to her complaints, except the chamberlain's old servant, whom she had formerly hated, and who now paid her every attention in his power. But young Mrs. Halden drove him at last from the house. He went over to Sollingen, and requested the major to grant him a maintenance for his late brother's sake.

Driven you from the house, old man ! said the major, while the tears started into his eyes—The ungrateful wretch ! Well, you shall want for nothing here.—Old John now gave an account to the major of the proceedings at Moorberg, and of the miserable state in which his sister-in-law lived.

The families of Ransleben and Rhensen

were just at this time on a visit to the major. O our poor mother! said Hennig, throwing his arms with tears around his sister's neck. The bastard! cried the major——What!—my brother's widow? The devil take the insensible wretch!———Get the carriage ready, cried he from the window with a thundering voice—Yoke the four yellow-duns, and let the servants put on their best liveries—Do you remain here, children: I will fetch your mother; she shall not be exposed to want!—Emilia and Hennig kissed his hands, and he drove away to Moorberg.

As soon as he arrived, he mounted the steps with a heavy gait, and called out to Charles, whom he met at the top of the stair, in a severe and threatening tone: Where is your mother? Charles politely shewed him her apartment, and the major entered it. The chamberlain's widow was standing before a mirror, and endeavouring, with great trouble, to put her hair into a little order. The sight of the major forcibly

reminded her of her misery. She let fall every thing she had in her hand, and began to cry bitterly. Ah, dear brother ! said she, do you still think of me, a poor deserted widow ?—The major kissed her hand with a low bow, which he had never done before, and said : My dear sister ! I hear you are not treated here as you ought to be ; and I think you will be much better with us, where every body will love you. I have brought my carriage with me. Without ceremony, dear sister, get yourself ready : —You shall go along with me, and be happy. There are visits also at Sollingen.

No one ever shed bitterer tears than the ashamed mother did on this occasion. Ah ! said she with pain—Can I—dare I venture to appear before my children ?

You may, dear sister, replied the major ; you may venture. May the devil fetch that child who receives his mother otherwise than with open arms !—I can promise you a fine compliment also from Emilia and Hennig, from my wife and daughter,

from Hennig's wife, and, if you will not take it ill, from Seibold also, who you may believe me will one day be the first man amongst us, if he chooses. Now dress yourself as quickly as possible. Where is the bell? Your waiting maid shall come!—I have no longer any bell, and no longer any maid! replied the chamberlain's widow.

My God! what an undutiful son! exclaimed the major. One truly may live without a waiting-maid—but to-day—the devil!—He then opened the door, and called aloud: Holla! holla! The waiting maid must come hither and dress her ladyship! continued he to one of the servants, who looked at him with astonishment.—What do you say the maid must do? asked the servant carelessly.—Dress this lady's hair, replied the major.—She may do it herself, returned the servant, and immediately walked off; but he had scarcely turned round, when he received a dozen of sound blows from the major with the flat side of his sabre—Stop!—I'll teach you to pay

pay respect to the lady of the house. The footman ran screaming into the servants' hall. The major then laid hold of one of the maids by the arm, dragged her to his sister-in-law, and commanded her to dress her hair. The maid stared at him with astonishment; but she began to dress the chamberlain's lady without any further trouble, as she was frightened by the correction given to the footman.

Young Mrs. Halden, when she heard of this scene, was so incensed that she resolved to make an attack on the major; but her husband said to her in a tone of entreaty: You are not acquainted with this unpolished man—Do not meddle with him!—Were I to turn him out of doors, no good would ensue—he would cut us all to pieces.

The chamberlain's widow was at length dressed. The major offered her his arm, and said, Where is your daughter-in-law's apartment? Charles and his wife stood up when the major entered, and the latter said with his strong voice: Your mother has

loved you too much, and now God punishes her for it too severely ! What will he not do to you, young man, since you hate your mother ?—Charles blushed ; but his wife burst into a loud fit of laughter——Mrs. addle-pate, exclaimed the major, you may laugh if you please, but not at a man whose head has become grey with honour ! You lead a life here which will not end in good—that you will see. But I hope God will then prevent me from laughing. No—I will pity you, though you may have deserved your fate.

The major helped his sister-in-law, who held a packet of papers in her hand, to get into the carriage ; took in her train, which was borne by a servant, and drove off with her towards Sollingen. While they were on the road she cried bitterly. The major ordered the coach to stop in the alley ; and, having got out, conducted his sister through the garden, because he was afraid that Hennig and Emilia might come to meet their mother in the court, and by these means

means excite the attention of the neighbours. Trembling like a criminal, the foolish and now so severely punished mother encountered one of the most trying moments she had ever experienced in her whole life. The major conducted her softly up the steps, and opened the door.

As soon as Emilia and Hennig saw the pale care-worn face of their mother, who now stood before them with downcast eyes, they both threw themselves at her feet, laid hold of her hands, and covered them with kisses. O, dear, beloved, worthy mother! said they both, while their words were interrupted by sobs. The chamberlain's widow tottered, and her heart experienced in succession the torments of hell and the joys of heaven. At last she dropped towards the floor, and, uttering the words, O my children! was caught with joy in the trembling arms of both.

The unfortunate widow now wished to make her complaint; but the major, out of tenderness for her, put an end to the
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conversation by conducting her to Seibold, whom she embraced and saluted, though a little coolly, with the appellation of Dear son ! She now discovered, because she wished to be revenged on Charles, that she had secreted her husband's will ; and she immediately produced it. The major then addressing himself to Hennig and Emilia, asked them if they would make any claim ? They both answered, No ; and the major threw the will into the fire. The widow was much astonished that they were so little incensed against Charles. Dear sister, said the major to her afterwards, you hated Hennig, and what did you gain by it ?—Nothing but sorrow—We are happy, look ye, because we hate nobody. With God's help you shall yet be happy also. But the means to be employed for that purpose are love, mildness, and forgiveness.

The chamberlain's widow was astonished at what she saw and heard. She could not, indeed, suit herself entirely to the ideas of the family of Ransleben ; but she lived very happily

happily with Hennig, who would not suffer her to remain with the major. She, at any rate, felt what a happiness it is to be virtuous, though she was not entirely so herself. In order to humour her, Hennig promised to give his son such an education as would fit him for becoming a count.—Every man ought to be educated for an emperor, sister, said the major—or an archangel, if possible.—O if a Halden were only a count ! exclaimed she, I should then be contented.

Charles lived, because his wife wished it, in an elegant style, and expended large sums ; so that it was impossible for his finances not to fall into confusion. Through false shame he would not retrench his expences, and now sought, through confidence in his wife's virtue, a place at court. This he soon obtained, as his wife's charms were still highly captivating, and as the prince's passion for her was not yet lessened. She continued to live in the same extravagant manner ; and as long as Charles was
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able to gratify her taste for magnificence, she remained faithful to him. As he was at length, however, obliged to check her extravagance, she received presents from the prince, and the usual consequences ensued. —Charles stormed when he made the discovery. He was a second time banished from court, and retired to Moorberg. His wife, who staid behind in the capital, sued for a divorce, which she soon obtained, and publicly became the prince's mistress.

Charles's property was mortgaged, and his peace of mind poisoned. Through necessity he married the widow of a very rich merchant, without becoming more contented. He endeavoured to find happiness in money, in the court, in intemperance, and, at last, even in avarice, but never where alone he could have found it ;—and, with the most tormenting envy, he saw the happiness which his sisters derived from love, friendship, confidence, and virtue, still renewed, and still blooming.

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THE END.

